

BY REASON
OF STRENGTH



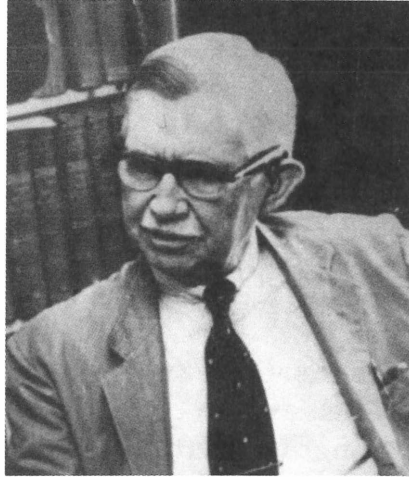
GERALD JOHNSON

By Reason of Strength

SCOTTISH
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Gerald W. Johnson

Gerald W. Johnson of North Carolina and Baltimore was the author of some three dozen books of history, biography, and commentary on American politics and culture. He was an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Sunpapers* from 1926 to 1943, a contributing editor of the *New Republic* from 1954 until his death in March 1980, and an advocate of American liberal causes for half a century. He was a fervent New Dealer in the 1930s, an adamant foe of Richard Nixon in the 1950s and 1960s, an early opponent of American intervention in Southeast Asia and of “American imperialism” in general. Adlai Stevenson called him “the conscience of America,” and Harry Golden once referred to him as one of the most brilliant prose stylists America has produced. He ranks with H.L. Mencken and Walter Lippmann as a great American journalist of the twentieth century, and he was one of the outstanding essayists of any age.

– Dr. Fred Hobson, *South-Watching*

Using *By Reason of Strength* to return to his roots, Johnson assessed his ancestors and their household gods and discovered the values that made him what he was: courageous, industrious, contemplative, articulate and, perhaps most important, humane.

– Dr. Vincent Fitzpatrick,
Introduction to By Reason of Strength

Gerald W. Johnson: Selected Writings

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American Heroes and Hero Worship	1966
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from the Scotland County Historical Society.

By Reason of Strength

Gerald W. Johnson

The days of our years are threescore years
and ten; and if by reason of strength they
be fourscore years, yet is their strength
labour and sorrow.—Psalms XC, 10

Edited by Grace Evelyn Gibson

Introduction by Dr. Vincent Fitzpatrick

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TO
MY MOTHER

This story is entirely fictitious, and no character depicted in it is intended to be a representation of any historical personage.

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INTRODUCTION

by Vincent Fitzpatrick

Like Mark Twain, Gerald W. Johnson told the truth mainly, but there were a few stretchers along the line. One such exaggeration was the conventional disclaimer prior to the beginning of *By Reason of Strength*: "This story is entirely fictitious, and no character depicted in it is intended to be a representation of any historical personage." Actually, the heroine of Johnson's first novel is modeled upon his own great-great grandmother, a very humane Scottish immigrant named Catharine Campbell Whyte. (Her married name, modernized to "White," was Johnson's middle name.) He sets the novel in the Cape Fear Valley of North Carolina, where he was born in 1890, where he lived during his first six years, and where he would return--both for actual visits and through the power of his imagination--for the rest of his life. This was Johnson's land of lost content, and its resonances would tug at him in the same way that Fern Hill entranced Dylan Thomas.

In 1930, the year *By Reason of Strength* was published, Johnson turned forty. Statistically, he was already more than halfway through his proverbial three score and ten. Actually, his career would stretch an additional fifty years, and a staggering three-quarters of a century would separate his first publication from his death. By the time

that he was finished, he would write more than forty books. By 1930, he had already played a variety of roles: journalist, soldier, newspaper editor, essayist (one of America's most proficient), and professor of journalism. Of his five books, three dealt with Southern material: biographies of John Randolph of Roanoke and Andrew Jackson and an account of the construction of the memorial on Stone Mountain in Georgia. This choice of subjects in no sense proved surprising.

For some men, the onset of middle age is marked by escapism. To his credit and our benefit, Johnson's fortieth year was marked by reflection. It seems that he wondered, as so many writers do, if he indeed had a novel in him. It would also seem that he pondered, in general, his relationship to his native land and, in particular, his role as a Southern writer. Taking a job with the *Evening Sun*, he had moved to Baltimore four years before. Johnson had hardly fled to the land of the infernal Yankee. Maryland, a border state, had split its allegiance during the Civil War, and Baltimore then manifested, as it manifests today, a strong Southern influence. But with this move of approximately 350 miles to the north Johnson had unarguably left the Confederacy. He obviously decided that a Southern writer need not live in the South to write about it; perhaps he could see things more clearly and whole from a distance. Looking homeward, Johnson wrote a book that Jonathan Daniels has so appropriately called an "almost homesick novel."

Using *By Reason of Strength* to return to his roots, Johnson assessed his ancestors and their household gods and discovered the values that made him what he was: courageous, industrious, contemplative, articulate and, perhaps most important, humane. In the end, *By Reason of Strength* tells as much about its author as it does about its subject. Given Johnson's background, his wide range of interests, and its historical moment, the novel seems almost destined to have been written.

From the beginning, Johnson seemed destined to

write. He was born the second of five children, and the only boy, in Riverton. This rural community on the Lumber River (or Lumbee as the natives call it) lies just outside Wagram in what is now Scotland County. Later, he would celebrate the town as "not a place but a state of mind" and would speak with pride of this "curious rural community . . . whence since have come more books than there are houses."

During the fall of 1895, Johnson's father, Archibald, accepted a position with the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage about 120 miles to the northwest. (The family would follow the next spring.) Archibald served as the institution's field representative and edited *Charity and Children*; under his skillful management, the publication came to exert considerable influence throughout the state. Because of his humanitarianism, Archibald was extolled as "the friend of the fatherless." There was an obvious affinity between father and son that makes one recall Thomas and Matthew Arnold. Both Archibald and Gerald celebrated culture and abhorred anarchy; both knew how to write, and neither ever proved indifferent to human suffering.

From the beginning, Johnson seemed to read everything and remember it all. "His happiest hours," his sister Mary recalls, "were spent flat on his stomach on the front porch reading the *Youth's Companion* and everything else that he could get his hands on." He haunted the printing office of *Charity and Children*--"It seemed to be taken for granted," his sister explains, "that Gerald would be a newspaperman"--and considered it a turning point in his life when he first read Bullfinch. Myth enriched his canon, and, although he was never conventionally religious, so did his superb knowledge of the Bible.

He broke into print early and kept writing. In 1905, using the pseudonym Ian M'Ian (the surname is the Scottish form of "Johnson"), he submitted a piece to the *Biblical Recorder* that hymned the glories of summer vacations in Riverton. Two years later, after the death of his

cousin and celebrated local poet John Charles McNeill, Johnson anonymously submitted a polished quatrain that ran in the *Charlotte Observer*:

*We saw him start his way with joy and mirth,
We watched his dizzy flight with straining eyes,
We marked the moment that he ceased to rise
And saw with silent pain his fall to earth.*

He clearly recalled the Icarus myth. The family speculated that the poem had been written by the Director of the Orphanage. "I wrote it," Johnson finally admitted. "I was chopping wood and it just came to me." He always made it seem easy.

Besides teaching himself, Johnson studied in the Orphanage school and the local high school and received private tutoring. He then matriculated to Mars Hill College in western North Carolina and proceeded to spend three years at Wake Forest College, then outside Raleigh, where he majored in English and graduated *cum laude*. These years began a love affair that ended only with Johnson's death. Decades later, William Louis Poteat, a biologist and liberal President of the College, and Professor of English Benjamin Sledd would find themselves colorfully extolled in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* as "Billy with the Red Necktie" and "Old Slick." Johnson remained grateful that Wake Forest had taught him "the capacity to form an opinion . . . and the nerve to stand [to] it in the face of stout opposition." Johnson always said what he thought, and he never backed down.

Prior to his graduation, he helped to establish the weekly Thomasville *Davidsonian*. Soon after leaving Wake Forest, he signed on with the *Lexington Dispatch*. He remained for sixteen months before moving on to the larger Greensboro *Daily News*, where he rose to associate editor.

His tenure was interrupted by his service in World War I. He enlisted right after the United States entered the war in April 1917, trained at Fort Jackson (South Carolina) and Fort Upton (New York) and arrived in France

in August 1918. Although he did not see action in the trenches, he saw enough of human carnage to scorn jingoists during the rest of his life. However, during the 1930s and early 1940s, he would lambaste the isolationists. He would point out repeatedly that this movement generated little sympathy in the South. After being forced to submit to Reconstruction, it knew only too well the horrors of totalitarianism. There were, Johnson always believed, worse things than fighting.

After studying at the University of Toulouse, Johnson returned to America during the summer of 1919. He married Kathryn Hayward in 1922, fathered two daughters, and wrote with such skill for the Greensboro *Daily News* that H. L. Mencken called him "the best editorial writer in the South." After turning down an offer in 1923 to join the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, Johnson moved the following year to the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where he helped to establish the Department of Journalism. He was, he readily admitted, not cut out to be a professor.

During this period, by his own admission he was striving to establish a national reputation. Many of the pieces that he wrote for some of the nation's most distinguished magazines discussed the South. As Fred Hobson explains in his illuminating introduction to *South-Watching*, an engaging collection of essays originally published during the 1920s and subsequently, Johnson was "without question the South's leading interpreter during this decade. . . . He was the loudest and clearest voice in the rising chorus of Southern self-criticism. . . ."

Very confident now, he spoke in a range of voices. Sometimes he chuckled. Writing for the *Reviewer* in 1923, for example, he disagreed with Mencken's storied depiction of the South as "The Sahara of the Bozart." Bemoaning the region's lack of true culture, Mencken, with his flair for neologism, had coined "bozart" as the grotesque American rendition of the French *beaux arts*.

Johnson smilingly drew his native land as far more lush. It was not a desert but rather "the Congo of the Bozart. Its pulses beat to the rhythm of the tom-tom, and it likes any color if it's red." The following year, an angry Johnson excoriated the Ku Klux Klan in an essay that ran in Mencken and George Jean Nathan's *American Mercury*.

Five years later, when "The Cadets of New Market" appeared in *Harper's*, Johnson spoke with gratitude rather than contempt. He saluted the cadets at the Virginia Military Institute who were rushed into the Battle of New Market in the Shenandoah Valley and fought so bravely. He proceeded to salute the Lost Generation in the South who struggled between 1870 and 1900 to rebuild a wasted land. The cadets who survived and their contemporaries went home "to find the old civilization wrecked; and they spent the rest of their lives fighting hand to hand with intangible foes far more ruthless and far more dangerous than Federal infantrymen." Sizing up the New South of industry, Johnson explained that "these members of the new generation are very fine fellows . . . [but] I cherish serious doubts that . . . they are quite the men their fathers were." Johnson was far too much the realist to glorify the plantation system of the Old South--"moonlight and magnolias," he scoffed--or to romanticize the Lost Cause, but he deeply cherished the valor of those who, in an unlovely struggle against unfair odds, brought light to a darkling plain after the war. Arguably his best, this elegiac essay is one of the most poignant pieces that Johnson ever wrote.

By Reason of Strength, published exactly a year later, is also elegiac and once again exults endurance--not by those who battled Reconstruction and a depressed economy but rather by those who tamed the American wilderness. From the time of her emigration until her death in 1867 (the same year that Johnson's great-great grandmother died), the novel's heroine is drawn in the tradition of Job. When one test is met, another surely fol-

lows. She and her husband struggle to clear the land, fight off sickness, and deal with death, violent and otherwise. She transcends the death of her only son by fire and the premature death of her husband. A son-in-law dies; a daughter commits suicide, and five grandsons perish in the Civil War. As Catharine glances back from old age, she explains, "It was a greedy, insatiable country. It took my girlhood, it took my little son, it took my husband. It took all the labor of my best years." The America depicted in *By Reason of Strength* is clearly no country for the faint of heart. Johnson does not say outright, as he does elsewhere in his canon, that, with the passage of time and the increasing ease of life, Americans have grown soft, and that the true American dream of freedom has been perverted by the false dream of greed. The strength that sustains Catharine is in part physical, but more important it is a strong moral sense that generates strength of character. In the end, Catharine not only endures but prevails, and she can be placed in the tradition of such strong Southern heroines as Dilsey in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, published the year before, and Scarlett O'Hara, whose name would captivate Depression America when Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* was published six years later.

By Reason of Strength is shaped by nineteenth-century American history. In fact, several of the major events--the War of 1812, the Nullification crisis, and the Mexican and Civil Wars --help to generate the plot. This should hardly be surprising, given Johnson's detailed knowledge of history and the amount of attention devoted to it throughout the canon. Johnson uses the novel to set forth his own views on such salient issues as slavery and the confluence of events that resulted, unnecessarily in his view, in the Civil War.

In terms of the technical proficiency of its attack upon slavery, *By Reason of Strength* lies somewhere between *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, two far more highly publicized novels that treat the same

subject. Johnson offers nothing so powerful as the moral center of *Huckleberry Finn*, where the protagonist bravely ignores church and state, abstractions both, and opts for his fully human friendship with Jim the slave. On the other hand, Johnson avoids the smugness and cloying sermonizing that mar Harriet Beecher Stowe's volume. He explains through his narrator that "the idea of trafficking in human flesh revolted" Catharine and her husband. She buys Solomon the slave in order to save him and then, in a scene with a patent religious significance, salves his wounds. Donald never sells any of his slaves and attempts to purchase their betrothed. In the novel's most representative passage concerning this matter, Catharine explains that "I never have been any too well satisfied that we have a right to hold the Negroes, anyhow. Suppose the Yankees did sell them to us in the first place? We have them now. My husband always was a little uneasy about slavery, and if this war should result in wiping it out, I don't know but what it would be a good thing for everybody concerned." Never an apologist for the "peculiar institution," Johnson believed that slavery, a huge moral flaw in the South, contributed to the defeat in the Civil War.*

Johnson carefully points out that one of his ancestors voted against Secession "and was heartily damned for doing it by most of his constituents." Catharine acknowledges that the South has to fight once it is invaded. However, she asks, "But before that, what were we doing? . . . We were strutting up and down, bragging about our strength and bravery, and daring everybody to knock the chip off our shoulder. We were filled with ungodly pride. . . ." And the fall that followed reduced the South to a "ruined land." Three years later, historical exegesis would elaborate upon fiction, when Johnson used *The Secession of the Southern States* to argue that Yankee abolitionists and Southern fire-eaters were jointly responsible for a huge and unnecessary tragedy.

Throughout his canon, Johnson spoke unashamedly

as a moralist, and it is hardly surprising that this first novel functions in part as a morality play detailing the conflict between good and evil. The villains, such odious figures as MacLeod the drunken blasphemer and Peterson the cruel slave owner, are drawn with such broad strokes as to be stock characters. Even such a representative of good as Donald Whyte functions more as a religious symbol than as a human being. Touched early by the hand of the Lord, Whyte is a "second John the Baptist" and an "evangel in the wilderness" and "God's gentleman." The narrator explains that the villagers "had long since lost sight of the man himself. To them he was merely the instrument in the hands of a supernatural power." Donald Whyte is a martyr in the New World, slain not by heathens but rather by the combination of his own zeal and the huge difficulties of the environment.

With his heroine, on the other hand, Johnson offers a fully conceived character who remains at the center of the tale. When the novel was reprinted in a British edition, it was suitably entitled *The Strength of Catharine Campbell*. Beautiful as well as intelligent, she stresses the importance of the life of the mind, and her descendants prove "a bookish lot." Conversant with the writing of that good Scot Thomas Carlyle, Johnson tells us that his heroine "thrived upon labor"; she embodies the maxim that to labor is to pray. Self-sufficient to a considerable degree, she could hardly be more altruistic in her dealings with others. Fighting the plague in Scuffletown, she walks where others fear to tread. To Johnson's credit, this "doctor, nurse, confessor and lawgiver to half the country" is no saccharine saint. Finally, *By Reason of Strength* chronicles the pilgrim's progress of its heroine. Moving from youth to age, from the Old World to the New, she surrenders her destiny to the Lord and is guided to the Cape Fear Valley.

After its publication, the novel was serialized in *Household Magazine* and received some laudatory re-

views. The *Confederate Veteran* praised the novel at length, as did the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. Writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Jonathan Daniels applauded Johnson's understanding of his native land as well as his ability to capture it: "Probably nowhere else is there a better picture of the stern plantation-owning Puritans who put the iron into the Cavalier strength of the South." *By Reason of Strength* was also, as Professor Hobson points out, precisely the sort of novel that should have been celebrated by the Agrarians, who extolled the Southern soil, its traditions, and the longstanding values that it sustained. The book, he remarks, was "not a critical novel, not a sociological one, not even a particularly realistic one, but rather one that drew its strength from the Southern tradition, not the tradition of Washington and Jefferson but that of the plain ante-bellum Southerner...." Coincidentally, *I'll Take My Stand*, a defense of the Southern agrarian tradition by twelve essayists--some of the best minds in the South among them--was published in the same month as *By Reason of Strength*. An uproar ensued, and Johnson found himself vilified by this group of traditionalists who had, in fact, asked him to contribute to the volume and with whom he had a good deal in common.

Responding to the defense of Agrarianism in *I'll Take My Stand*, Johnson employed different voices in different forums. In January 1931, "The South Faces Itself" appeared in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. This seemed remarkably temperate in comparison to "No More Excuses: A Southerner to Southerners," which ran the following month in *Harper's*. A bellicose Johnson assaulted what he viewed as the Southern penchant for making excuses and scoffed at the mentality underlying Agrarianism as "library-born and library-bred." He concluded that the Agrarians had defiled their ancestry: "sniveling and excuse-hunting on the part of intelligent Southerners are a worse betrayal of their ancestors than are Gastonia, lynching, demagoguery, and religious fanati-

cism combined." Two years later, when his second novel, *Number Thirty-Six*, appeared, he spoke far less pugnaciously. On one level, this was Johnson's *Look Homeward, Angel*, a *bildungsroman* chronicling his maturation in the fictional Rogersville. On another level, it was a cautionary tale about the pitfalls of industrialism: the destruction of nature, the homogenization of the South, and the huge cost of worshiping the almighty dollar. In the end Johnson proved fair in his assessment of the conflict between the Old South and the New.

After 1933, he wrote no more novels. Ten years later, weary of daily journalism and wanting more time to devote to his books, he resigned from the *Sunpapers*. In 1950, he experienced considerable success with *Incredible Tale*. Addressed to the common reader with whom he felt most comfortable, the book was subtitled *The Odyssey of the Average American in the Last Half Century*. It was chosen as an alternate selection of the Book of the Month Club. He served as contributing editor of the *New Republic* and, with typical modesty, called his column "Superficial Aspect." For his grandson, Johnson wrote *America: A History for Peter*, a trilogy that transcended conventional writing for juveniles by offering a wise man's analysis, couched in deceptively simple prose, of the American experience.

In August 1960, James H. Bready of the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, who wrote perceptively about Johnson for decades, arranged a gathering at the Enoch Pratt Free Library to celebrate his friend's seventieth birthday. Adlai Stevenson, whom Johnson had supported against Eisenhower during the presidential campaigns of 1952 and 1956, extolled his advocate as "the critic and conscience of our time" and thanked him "for a thousand rescues from boredom in an age where humor is suspect and conformity a virtue." Johnson hardly conformed in becoming one of the first Americans to speak out strongly against American military involvement in Vietnam. As he aged, he never lost his capacity to be shocked and to

assault what infuriated him.

Yet there always remained Johnson the regionalist as the counterpart to the caustic critic of national and international issues. He kept going home again, literally and metaphorically, and his trip during the summer of 1947 proved especially illuminating. Returning to old friends and familiar places, he addressed the Gerald Johnson Book Club in Red Springs and spoke fondly of his lamb-white days. This place of his beginning was "holy ground" and a "fairy-haunted wood." He elegized his ancestor and the heroine of his novel seventeen years before: "While her husband strove against sin, she strove against suffering." Johnson had his priorities straight, and he could well have chosen the second part of the sentence as his own epitaph.

In the end, Johnson spent more years in Baltimore than he did in his native state. Yet he always considered himself spiritually a North Carolinian, and he remained fiercely proud of his Scottish ancestry. "To Live and Die in Dixie" appeared in *Harper's* during Johnson's seventieth year. Its title, the phrase following "I'll take my stand" in the song "Dixie," was portentous, and he took the opportunity to proclaim, "I am a Southerner, and I wish the fact to be known; for the land of my birth is right now enduring the discipline that makes a nation great." No Quentin Compson wrestling with his heritage, Johnson loved the South despite the shortcomings that he never hesitated to detail: provincialism, an all-too-easy seduction by the worst sort of demagogues, racism and its attendant evils, an aversion to realistic thinking, and (he found this most odious) a proclivity for making excuses. On the other hand, he found the Southern tradition of honor and courage and personal courtesy to be the finest thing ever produced in America. These are, of course, precisely the values celebrated in *By Reason of Strength*. Like all good Southerners, Johnson knew that where he was going depended in large part upon where he had been. During his fortieth year, stand-

ing at one of the crossroads of his life, Johnson paused to look back upon what had made him, found it good, and wrote it well.

*For an informative, thoroughly documented discussion of Johnson's racial attitudes, see John T. Kneebone, *Southern Liberal Journalists and the Issue of Race*.

I would like to thank Kathryn Johnson Sliger, the executor of her father's estate, for permission to quote from his writing. 1920-1.944 (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press, 1985)

A native Baltimorean, Vincent Fitzpatrick received his degrees in English from the University of Virginia and the State University of New York at Stony Brook. The assistant curator of the H.L. Mencken Collection at Baltimore's Enoch Pratt Free Library, he is the compiler of the second supplement to H.L.M.: The Mencken Bibliography, author of H.L. Mencken, co-author of The Complete Sentence Workout Book, and co-editor of Mencken's Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work. He is currently writing a critical biography of Gerald Johnson for the University Press of Virginia.

I. CATHARINE CAMPBELL



CATHARINE CAMPBELL

 GRANDMAA WHYTE," said Cousin Matty, "never thought so very much of the Dev'nys and the D'boyces because they're not Scotch. Grandmaa was the Scotchiest thing ever heard of. She thought the Promised Land was somewhere close to Loch Lomond. And she drilled it into us so well that we feel it even to the third and fourth generation."

Cousin Matty has been dead these twenty years, but I heard her voice as clearly as I heard it that afternoon when she told me the story of Grandmaa Whyte. I laid down the newspaper, a little startled. I understood, now, the curious emotion I had experienced when first I glanced at its screaming headlines — a feeling of being vindicated, a faint, but perceptible, touch of the I-told-you-so satisfaction. Yet the sensational story dealt with no kinsman, no friend, no acquaintance of mine. The headline announced that a man named DuBois had been sent to jail. He was a very rich man, therefore the headline was very large. But I had never met the man, had never seen him, knew nobody connected with him in any way. I could not, therefore, account for the lack of surprise, the touch of smug satisfaction that the headline aroused in my mind until Cousin Matty's words rose in my memory as she had spoken them many years ago.

"Grandmaa Whyte never thought so very much of the Dev'nys and the D'boyces —"

I know today, with the top of my mind, that DeVinne and DuBois are honorable names. I am willing to admit that many a Huguenot house can boast a lineage quite as distinguished as that of the MacNeill of Barra, that of the MacNeill of Jura, or even that of the Campbell of Roseneath. But all this sophistication is part of the man that I am on the surface. When I read the headline announcing that a DuBois had been sent to jail, there was a sudden stirring of the small boy who lies hidden under the surface of every man's mind; and that small boy had heard Cousin Matty saying, "The Dev'nys

and the D'boyces weren't Scotch, and Grandmaa Whyte couldn't forget it or let her children forget it. It's in us all. She was a good, Christian woman, and all that, but I reckon that's where the Old Adam showed in her. She lived proud and she died proud; and pride she left to her children, even to the third and fourth generation, as Scripture says. "

So that was it!

At the bottom of my mind, where the small boy lay, I was not surprised at anything a DuBois did, simply because his name was DuBois; or, as we Scotch resolutely mispronounced it, "D'boyce."

To the small boy Cousin Matty's words were even as Holy Writ. She was the family chronicler, ancient when my memory begins, a dim wisp of a woman, with faded blue eyes, faded hair and a faded smile. Matty, so the elders said, had always been a feckless creature, a "literary" character, writing poetry and trying to paint pictures in her school days, when she should have been catching a beau; but she was adored by the children, with whom she was always gentle, and was the confidante of the adolescents, at whom she never laughed. Through the children and the adolescents she lived vicariously a thousand adventures in Wonderland and in Camelot. Her factual life was gray and dim; but the life she touched through her contact with the youngsters was all purple and gold, for in the most commonplace experience, if it happened to another, she could de-scry Romance. Imaginatively, the gray little spinster was a swash-buckling adventurer. She could thrill the children, so they loved her.

It was a rainy September afternoon when she talked of Grandmaa Whyte. Summer was definitely declining. Only three or four days remained before the opening of school, which was bad enough; but these three or four seemed likely to be ruined by September gales, which was worse. Water was standing in a pool on the tennis court. Fishing and swimming were out of the question in such a down-pour, and the dogged determination with which the rain descended made it practically certain that there would be no hayride that night. Gusts slapped the rain into your face if you walked out, and the weeds and pea-vines were so thoroughly soaked that to seek for a late watermelon in the field, or for Delaware peaches or russet apples in the orchard, meant a drenching to the waist.

It was a sloppy day, not quite cold enough for a fire, yet lacking summer's generous warmth. On such a day Cousin Matty was the one specific against the boredom which is worse than pain.

She sat in a sheltered nook on the back porch, doing something

with her hands—knitting, mending, shelling peas—how should a boy of fifteen know? What did it matter, anyhow? Nothing Cousin Matty did ever mattered; only what she said counted.

"Did you ever really see Grandma Whyte, Cousin Matty?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said she. "When I was a very little girl, she was a very old woman, but as spry as a cricket. Your grandma was two years older than I, and her mother used to call for Grandma Whyte whenever any of us got sick. You see, Grandma was really your grandma's grandmother, your great-great-grandmother, and there had been so much intermarrying that she was kin to pretty nigh everybody in Spring Hill township. And everybody, kin or not, sent for her when there was any trouble. She was a sort of doctor, and judge and preacher for the whole country. There never was such a woman! Hasn't any one ever told you about her?"

"No," said I. It was false, of course, but Cousin Matty needed only one little push to be fairly launched; and on such an afternoon who would not have given it her? And she, as a matter of fact, had never told me about Grandma Whyte—she who could certainly tell it better than any one else. So I pushed her, and she was launched.



But that was twenty-five long years ago, and now that I have written out the tale, and look it over, I know well that it is not what Cousin Matty told me on the back porch that rainy September day. Part of it, indeed, is Cousin Matty; part of it doubtless is history; part of it is a small boy who no more doubted that Donald Whyte was an intimate friend of God than he doubted that the whale swallowed Jonah; and a good deal of it, I suppose, is a man who knows far, far less than the small boy knew.

For many things have happened since the rain drummed an accompaniment to Cousin Matty's quiet voice, and these, as such things will, have intertwined themselves inextricably with the story of Grandma Whyte. To mention one, since that day the Campbells have gone out to battle again, and again have come home limping and wondering at themselves and this insane world they live in. To mention another, the young men of the Clan have scattered far from old Spring Hill; and they cannot choose but look back on it with

new eyes, and see it in a strange light. Without doubt, these things have lent color to the tale, and have given it twists and turnings that would have astonished Cousin Matty.

But she, the creator and preserver of legends, is now become a legend too. And if I have done violence to her memory in these pages, then to her shade will I pour out libations, and pray for her indulgence; nor would she deny it, for I am persuaded that even on the other side of Styx she loves a glamorous tale better than a statistical abstract or a genealogist's report.



She was Catharine Campbell of Roseneath at the foot of the Scottish Highlands, and let me tell you, my boy, it was something to be a Campbell of Roseneath in those days. The Campbell was a kinsman of the great Duke of Argyll. He was a very great man, and his clan spread far up into the Highlands, around the shores of Loch Lomond and along the banks of the Clyde. The laird who ruled just before Catharine Campbell's time had grown tired of the grim, cold castles in the hills, so he had chosen a spot of level ground, across the river from Greenock, on which to build his principal residence. He sent for cunning workmen from Italy, and they brought him Italian marble, some white, and some pink, and some like mother-of-pearl, with which to build his palace.

Oh, it was a grand place! Old Scotland had never seen the like before. The swarthy little men with their black eyes and their blue-black hair were smart beyond all believing. There was magic in their hands, and our great gillies stood around gaping while the foreigners worked. A big Scot could wrap his great, hairy arms around a block of stone which none of the Italians could budge, and shoulder it into place without even panting; so in the beginning our people laughed at the little men. But after the house began to take shape, there was no call for laughter; these short brown fellows from the South with their black eyes and their white teeth and their everlasting chatter and their curious singing were uncanny, and after a while the gillies began to suspect them of being warlocks. Under their hands rows of graceful columns, with curious fluting, sprang up and were joined by delicate arches. Doorways appeared with quaint carving which didn't seem hard to do, and yet was wondrous satisfying. Checkered pavements went down, cunningly jointed and

smooth as the surface of the Clyde when no wind blew and the water was glassy. There were halls, and courtyards and chambers, great and small, such as the old castles had; but here they were not ponderous and gray and grim. The walls were not built to withstand battering rams and freezing Scottish mist; they invited the passer-by to enter, and they had broad windows through which the sun and air might pour.

And the ground around the house was not cleared and leveled in order that the clansmen might camp under the walls when their chieftain summoned them, nor was it cut with a moat. The Italians laid it out in formal gardens, with walks and grass-plots and marble balustrades and fountains. It was no place for pibroch and broad-swords; it was a place for love-songs and lutes. And in it The Campbell had them plant roses — rose trees, and rose vines and rose bushes, the rose of Lancaster and the rose of York, the white rose and the red, deep golden roses, flushed at the heart, dark moss-roses, redder than rubies, redder than blood, a red so deep that the petals had a bluish sheen under slanting light, and pink roses, frail and crinkled like a new baby's hands. But nowhere was there a thistle or a sprig of heather.

The Campbell had come down from the Highlands. No longer would he be a savage chief of still more savage men, a robber laird whose dark-green plaid should seem like the somber banner of Death to the trembling Lowlands when the passes through the hills began to vomit his bonnets into the plain. Culloden had been fought. Stuart had lost and Hanover was secure. The Campbell accepted the fortune of war and swung definitely to the English side. Henceforth he should be, not a laird, but a great lord and a pillar of the British Empire. Maybe he foresaw the day when the heir of his kinsman, Argyll, should be wed in a cathedral by an archbishop to a princess of the blood, linking the English rose to the Highland thistle. Anyhow, he called his place Roseneath.



Some of them laughed at The Campbell for setting a white Italian palace among the green hills of Scotland, but as the years passed and the roses grew, it seemed to mingle, somehow, with things around it. After a generation it did not seem strange at all, sitting there overlooking the broad Clyde, and backed by a high, blue line,

far away, the line of the Highlands. And the House of Campbell became like the houses of the English king's other great vassals. The Campbell who had built Roseneath died, and his son ruled there in his stead; and the new Campbell was no dour Highlander, but a smooth, smiling man of the world. He forgot the old feuds of the Highlands, and made all gentlemen welcome; so his hall was frequented by MacDonalds and MacNeills, Fairleys and Pattersons, MacDairmids and MacGregors, men of all the clans of Scotland. And the great houses of England also knew him and visited him. He entertained Cecils and Howards, and when the troubles began in France there were Montmorencis and Rohans and at least one Bourbon who found temporary lodging at Roseneath.

It was a grand house when Catharine Campbell was born there while the war was raging in America. But war, and America with its rebellious Mr. Washington, seemed as far away as the other side of the moon to the child playing in the rose-garden. True, the dreaded pirate, John Paul Jones, burst upon White Haven, not so far away, and ravaged it, while she was still in her cradle; but it was years before she heard of it from her nursemaid; and if the nursemaid told her that the man's name was really John Paul and he a Scotsman, and that he had acquired a new name and a new profession from a man named Willie Jones, who lived in North Carolina on the other side of the Atlantic, certainly there was no significance in the tale for her. North Carolina — perhaps it was on one of the maps in the library at Roseneath, but surely it had no existence outside of the maps for little Catharine Campbell.

Nor did war have much more significance for her when she was not so little. Long after the American war was over, and new troubles were racking Europe, when young Alan MacDonald came back from Egypt to nurse an arm shattered at Canopa, it was thrilling to walk slowly among the rose-trees and hear the hero talk of the Mamelukes, and the French General Menou. And Duncan Fairley was with the fleet off Alexandria, writing letters to his "amiable friend." And the Ramsay boys, Adrian and Lauchlin, both held commissions in the Black Watch, and after awhile would be going with General Arthur Wellesley to Spain. But in the rose-garden war was a thing of handsome young men in handsome new uniforms, and talk of far-off romantic places — a sort of show, brave and splendid, graceful and chivalrous, with nothing real, nothing ghastly, nothing dirty and horrible about it.

So it passed lightly over Catharine Campbell, as lightly as the years that touched her caressingly, deepening her flaxen hair into ruddy gold, deepening her china-blue eyes to sapphire, touching her cheeks with the pink of the roses. As a child she had been a little of the hoyden, scandalizing her nurse and enchanting the gillies by scrambling up the roughest glens in the great hills back of Roseneath, riding the wildest of the shaggy hill ponies, herding the shy Highland cattle. Even as a young woman she could still ride anything with four hooves, and on the rocky crags no goat was more sure-footed; but the angular little girl had softened into a lissome woman, whose dancing was the delight of the countryside for miles around. She was still small, but when she chose she could draw herself up and lift her chin arrogantly, and then The Campbell himself, for all his six-foot-two, was not more haughty.

Young Alan MacDonald found that out one day, when he got a bit too enterprising and decided a Captain wounded in His Majesty's service was entitled to at least one kiss, whether the lass were willing or no. They passed Black Janet, one of the village women, a moment after, Catharine as straight and hard and cold as The Campbell's dirk, and the Captain looking less like a hero than like a whipped dog. Old Janet grinned her toothless grin and passed on silently, for neither of them had seen her; but she talked enough down in her cottage. Black Janet had the second sight, and she prophesied that night.

" 'Tis a wee Campbell, but a Campbell," she said chuckling, "and no chiel that comes at her whustle will ever have her, braw laddie though he may be. She's proud, and 'tis a proud man will take her, one so proud he can leave her alone."

But there was none so proud in all that countryside. MacDonald and MacGregor and MacPherson, Fairley and Patterson and Shaw, the Englishman Wemyss and the French Count d'Arblay, they were none of them so proud. They all came and walked in the rose-garden, and one was tender and one was passionate and one was grave and one was gay; but none of them was so proud. She laughed with them all and at them all; and she dismissed them all so lightly and so blithely that they were themselves half convinced that it was all merriment, and adored her the more for that her wound hardly stung. Only the young MacDonald had been impolite, only he had stirred her anger, and only he had had half a chance of success. But he blenched when the blue blaze of the Campbell eyes was turned on

him, and she was reminded of the boast of her house that no MacDonald had stood before an angry Campbell yet. So he lost his chance; he apologized and was given a pardon that damned him, for it put him back among the braw laddies, he who had been for a moment a dangerous man.



And the years dropped, one by one, as gently as the petals fell in the rose-garden, until Catharine's twentieth came; but no man proud enough to leave her alone had come into that countryside yet. Then Alan MacDonald came, his wounded arm whole now, and he under orders to rejoin his regiment. But he came no more to walk in the rose-garden; he could face the French revolutionaries with never a qualm, even when they were led by their new general, Bonaparte, who was known to be in league with Auld Hornie himself. But he would not risk another encounter with a Campbell in the rose-garden; for in the rose-garden he was a whipped man, and knew it. So he came with a merry crowd of lads and lassies of the neighborhood, resolved to make a jocund leave-taking; and with this in mind he proposed that they all go to see the new warlock, who was making the country ring. He was, so folk said, a strange man and well worth seeing — fey, of course, but so eloquent that the cotters for miles around had fallen under his spell and regarded him with a reverence that smacked of Popery, if not of witchcraft. The gentry had frowned upon him, and had formally forbidden him to set foot upon their land, but it had availed nothing, for he stood in the middle of the King's highway and there preached his curious doctrine until Tammas MacNab, who was a freeholder although but a small farmer, had joined his sect and offered the use of his barn as a meeting-place. Now Tammas' barn was thronged every night by cotters, and some of the young rake-hells among the gentry had begun to find it amusing to go and listen to the wild man. Alan took the party from Roseneath there that night.

But for a little while he wished he hadn't, because it promised to be unpleasant. Things began well enough. The barn was nearly filled when the crowd from Roseneath arrived and they barely found room on the back seat — a rough board, laid across trestles. A horn lantern illuminated the building faintly in the rear, and two guttering candles on a small table at the front, with an open Bible lying between them,

marked the preacher's place. Him they did not see at first, for the congregation was standing, singing a hymn. But as the singing stopped, a resonant voice cut through the gloom.

"Let us pray," it said.

Half the congregation dropped to their knees, leaving others standing in irregular groups with bowed heads. Between these groups those in the rear could see the man leading in prayer. He stood behind the table, whose edge his hands gripped on either side of the Bible. He leaned slightly forward, his head thrown back, the eyes closed, the face lifted toward Heaven. The light of the candles, glancing upward, brought out the line of the throat and jaw prominently, but left the rest of the face a composition of high lights and deep shadows. It was a lean, almost a cadaverous, face. The height of the cheekbones and the hollowness of the cheeks, accentuated by the light from below, gave almost the effect of a death-mask; but the lean, yet powerful, jaw, and the sinewy throat hinted of the fighting man. The face glimpsed in that half-light was startling, almost sinister, but it was far indeed from ridiculous.

It was the voice, however, that lent most to the spell of the man. Very clear, very resonant, it fell pleasantly on the ear as the prayer began with a plea for the presence of God among the congregation there assembled; it gained in vibrancy and intensity as it continued with a petition for a blessing upon the worship being performed; and as it swept into a prayer for the remission of sins and the bestowal upon those there present of the grace of God and life everlasting it deepened and increased in power until the solid stone walls of the place seemed shaken as if by the tones of great organ pipes; there was in it an agony as of Jacob wrestling with the angel, a sense of fierce and desperate struggle. Involuntarily the hearers strained forward under the spell of that wonderful voice, until at the final words, "and at last receive us into Thy presence and into the life everlasting," a note of triumph shot into it and the "Amen" was almost a trumpet tone. That voice swept the emotions like a magnificent musical instrument, well played, and Catharine noted, without surprise, as she raised her head, that three of the Roseneath maids, kneeling in front of her, were weeping softly.

In the momentary pause that followed, and while the members of the congregation were rustling into their seats, the preacher bent forward over the table and began to turn the leaves of the Bible. For the first time his face was brought into the full light, and Catharine Campbell received a distinct shock.

"Why, Alan," she whispered to her companion, "he's a young man!"

"Yes, about twenty-five, I think," whispered Alan. "What did you expect? A hermit with a long gray beard? But our warlock isn't a hermit at all—he's a farmer over toward Dumbarton. Somebody told me his father was a small landowner in Greenock, who died last year and left his son this farm which he tills regularly enough when he's not out preaching. He's quite respectable, but—"

"Hush!" whispered Catharine quickly. "He's about to begin."

The preacher had indeed straightened up and was looking out over the congregation, the fingers of his left hand resting lightly on the Bible, evidently upon the passage he had been seeking.

"The text tonight will be found," he began, and the voice was again the pleasant, rather low pitched, but penetrating voice which had begun the prayer.

But he got no further, and Alan MacDonald began to wish he had not brought a party of ladies to the place, for a small side door near the speaker's table was suddenly thrown open with a crash, and a mighty figure stood lowering uncertainly on the threshold.

"My God!" gasped Alan, horrified. "It's great John MacLeod, the blacksmith, full o' whisky and meaning mischief. He'll murder the man if some one doesn't stop him."

The blacksmith lurched two steps into the room. His bonnet was tilted rakishly over one ear, and Catharine noted how his huge, gorilla arms hung down almost to the edge of his kilt, although he was a good six feet tall. His knotted, bulging muscles strained the fabric of his sleeves, and his legs, the hairy knees bare, seemed twin towers under his mighty trunk. He scowled uncertainly in the candle light, obviously looking for trouble. Suddenly he opened his mouth and roared,

"Whaur's the mon'll stand up wi' me? I'm John MacLeod and I'll drink wi' twa men or fecht wi' ten. Whaur's the mon'll stand up wi' me, by God?"

A hissing intake of breath ran over the whole house. Alan and two of the young men who had come with him started to their feet. Instinctively Catharine caught at Alan's arm, and two other girls seized their escorts. Catharine saw that men had risen in other parts of the room, but none in the immediate vicinity of the drunken giant.

Then suddenly the preacher spoke.

"Sit ye doon!" he said.

The voice had changed again. It was not especially loud, but at the sound every man standing, save the blacksmith, collapsed in his seat as if his legs had been knocked from under him. It was a whip-lash of a voice, without stridency, without emotion, utterly cold. Alan said later that it was precisely the voice of his battalion commander, maneuvering the troops on parade, the voice at which soldiers jump like automata.

"Mon," said the preacher, turning to the lowering blacksmith, and suddenly lapsing for the first time into a broad Scottish burr, "ye'll find a mon to stand up wi' ye in a moment. But before we go outside there's a bit prayer maun be offert, for ye hae desecrated the house o' God, and I winna stand up wi' any mon who is in the shadow of God's wrath."

The preacher raised his right hand and lifted his face toward the ceiling again, and the Scottish accent faded from his speech with the first word he uttered.

"Almighty God," he prayed, "withhold the lightning of thy holy wrath, we pray thee, from this blasphemous whelp until we have done with him here. He has damned his soul a hundred times over, with whisky, and with strange women, and with his own foul tongue; but let him be, O God, for the moment. Like Uzzah he has befouled with his impious hands the Ark of Thy Covenant and has invited destruction where he stands. Like Shimei, he has cursed in the presence of Thy congregation. Thy wrath will fall upon him at the appointed time and he shall be cast out from among Thy people and utterly cut off; but let him go this night, O Lord, lest it be said of us that we have brought the price of a dog into the house of the Lord. Stay for this one night the hands of Abaddon and Apollyon and Beelzebub and Belial that are even now stretched out to snatch him into the Bottomless Pit, and —"

But it was enough. A wild yell came from the blacksmith, who was cowering, not lowering, now; he whirled, and fumbling blindly with his hands for the door, plunged out into the night.

"May he be a warning to us all to seek Thy mercy while it may be found and call upon Thee while Thou art near. Amen."

The preacher turned again toward the congregation.

"The text for tonight will be found," he said, his eyes dropping to the open Bible. Catharine Campbell suddenly realized with a start that the fingers of his left hand were still resting lightly on the open

page. Alan MacDonald drew in a great breath, like a diver come up for air, and Catharine wondered how many of the others in the congregation felt a sudden weakness in the knees.

At any rate, they were all attentive enough. They listened as if spellbound, and the great voice swept over them and bent their minds to its will as easily as the wind sways ripening wheat in the field. It was apparent to them that the hand of the Lord was upon this young man. It was the hand of the Lord that had smitten John MacLeod, turning his bones to jelly and his vast muscles to water. What else could it be? The young man had not so much as moved out of his tracks, but he had at his command the Power which not even a giant could withstand. He was an awe-inspiring personage.

And it was not only the simple cotters who were moved by him. The people from Roseneath did not find anything amusing in this man. He was a wild fanatic, of course, but he certainly was no buffoon. He spoke in plain, simple words, with none of the ornate oratory that most preachers used in that day. He did not gesticulate much. But his words were plausible and persuasive and curiously impressive.

Without a doubt, the man could preach, and the gentry all admitted it as they went home that night.



But Catharine was more than merely impressed. She was seized with a devouring curiosity concerning the man, and what she heard among the villagers only whetted that curiosity. For the villagers had long since lost sight of the man himself. To them he was merely an instrument in the hands of a supernatural power. An increasing number regarded him as a new Voice crying in the wilderness, a second John the Baptist; and even those who took no such view, the stout Presbyterians, admitted that power flowed through him. Only they thought it came from Beelzebub.

And so she attended a second meeting in the barn, and came away half-convinced that the cotters were right. And then she met him in the village one day, coming away from the cottage of old, bed-ridden Margaret, and stopped him to inquire about the invalid. He talked quietly and simply, but with the inflection of a man of some education. Then the nightly meetings at the barn stopped, and he went back to his farm near Dumbarton; but he still came over on

Sundays. And one Sunday night Catharine, feeling half guilty, although she could not say why, went to hear him preach again and came away two-thirds convinced that the cotters were right. She encountered him at various times on small errands of mercy in the village, and they fell into the habit of stopping to chat for a few minutes at such encounters. And then, one day, she invited him to tea, and so he, too, came to walk in the rose-garden. A strange successor he was to the captain of dragoons, and the lieutenants in the Royal Navy, and the Honorables from below the Cheviot Hills, and the suave French count. Where the warriors had walked in scarlet and blue and gold braid, and the nobles and gentlemen with the ribbons of famous orders in their buttonholes, this man paced soberly in sober black. His cheeks were tanned and his palms were rough from farm work. His dress, immaculate though it was, was of stuff chosen for durability, not for style. He spoke mostly of simple, common things, and while he spoke with a hint of gentle humor occasionally, he spoke without wit or raillery. He was not handsome, or brilliant, or gay, but for some reason Catharine liked to have him there. And he came again and again.

Alan MacDonald had gone away to the wars across the sea, but others came and found the man in the rose-garden and stared. But when they had talked with him a while they ceased to stare; and eventually they came to the point of lamenting that a man so obviously superior in many ways should be quite mad; and finally they wondered uneasily whether his madness might not be affecting Catharine Campbell.



And Catharine wondered, too, for a tension began to gather within her. His visits were not too frequent, but she began to look forward to them with more and more interest. For he brought into the rose-garden something that had not been there before. He lacked brilliance and gayety and wit, but he had tranquillity. There was about him a massive certainty, mighty and immovable as Ben Lui, towering over the upper reaches of Loch Lomond. Catharine thought of the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and wondered if the thought were blasphemous. She said, long years after, that his name should have been not Donald, but Ebenezer, "the stone of help"; but she admitted that if he had been named Ebenezer she could never

have taken him seriously.

As they walked among the rose-trees his manner was quiet and his talk was decorous; but his voice assumed an undertone that it did not possess when others were around. He talked of how the young men from the villages and farms were streaming away to America, some to make a fortune, but more to avoid the press-gangs scouring the country for men for the army and the fleet; but there was that in his voice which had not been stirred to life by such problems. There was a warmth in it that was a caress; and Catharine Campbell felt it and wished it were not there, and feared that it might disappear. The man, she knew, was presently going to speak to her as a lover, and it was a shame, because he was much too fine to be dismissed smilingly; yet at the same time it would be glorious to stir such a man to the depths. She wished for, and dreaded, the day when he would speak.

One day news came that great John MacLeod, the blacksmith, had fallen over a cliff on his way home after a carouse, and had broken his neck.

"Do you not feel something like responsibility, Donald Whyte?" she asked him when next he came.

"Responsibility? I?" he asked, surprised. "Not at all. I have known that the man was damned for a long time. I made every effort to save him. The first time I went to his shop, he drove me out with oaths and blasphemy. Twice, after that, I found him in the ditch at night, once in winter when he would have frozen had he lain there long. Both times I managed to get him home. Afterward he listened to me, but surlily. No matter. Who am I, to be offended when the Lord's work is to be done? At last I began to have hope of him. One day he offered, of his own accord, to come to our meeting. You saw how he came.

"Then and there I knew it was all over. An insult to me was nothing, but when he burst into God's house, drunken and profane, he insulted his Creator, and thenceforth his case was out of my hands. All I could do was pray God to spare him until he was away from that place. I knew that it could be but a matter of a very short time. Now it has come."

"But he was a giant of a man, and crazed with drink. Did you not fear that he might do you some mischief that night?"

Donald Whyte stopped short and stared, plainly astonished.

"Fear? Fear him? But you don't understand. The man was

doomed. He had defiled the sanctuary of the Most High and the hand of the Lord was upon him. He couldn't fight. You saw that. What is a man's physical strength when he is in the hand of God? I foresaw what was coming, and I was too sick with horror to feel any fear. Would you fear a felon, being led to the executioner's block? You would feel horror, pity, perhaps a sense of shame for the man, but nobody would fear him. John MacLeod was as good as a dead man that night; I couldn't fear him."

The rose-garden was warm and sunlit, but Catharine shivered a little. She felt as if she had touched cold steel.



Another day he showed her a letter and said it was from a friend in America. It told of a settlement of the Scotch in the valley of the Cape Fear River. The writer was a pious man, filled with fears for the souls of the immigrants. Far away from the homeland, in a different climate, on a different soil, all their old habits were of necessity disrupted; and with little or no spiritual leadership, they drifted, sheep without a shepherd.

"It may be a call from God," said Donald Whyte. He lifted his head and gazed across the river. But Catharine knew, without being told, that he did not see the low wall bounding the rose-garden, nor the green fields beyond it, sloping gently down to the blue and sparkling Clyde, nor the river itself, nor Greenock, far away on the other side, nor the low hills on the horizon. He looked over the cold, gray sea, "the monstrous, shambling sea," to a strange land on the other side, a wild semi-wilderness, rough, hard, uncouth; and he saw men and women of his own blood laboring and struggling there, suffering and dying there, with no man to speak in their ears the word of the Lord. And fear clutched her heart.

Suddenly he turned and regarded her with grave eyes.

"It is far," he said.

And she knew, without being told, that he did not mean it was far from Scotland and the Clyde and the little farm near Dumbarton. He meant that it was far from the rose-garden and its mistress. And exultation filled her heart.

"But is there not much work to be done here?" she ventured.

"There is," he admitted. "There is only too much work for the few laborers. But the need is even greater there."

He paused, and she stood mute. She realized that he meant to go. There was no one else in their corner of the garden, and a thick hedge behind them cut off the view of the house. From their feet the ground stretched down to the river, half a mile away, and the river was a mile and a half wide. Nothing but empty air was between them and the houses in Greenock, far, far away. Over them stretched a blue summer sky, empty of even one little cloud. Catharine was pierced with a sense of profound loneliness. She felt herself a very little girl, set down in a vacant world.

"There is another thing," he said presently, turning away from her and looking out over the valley again. "I mistrust my own fitness to work here any more. After all, why should I not tell you? There is no shame in it."

He swung suddenly and looked straight into her eyes, his own shining with a light that made her tremulous and afraid.

"I love you far too much to stay here," he said, very quietly.

"A mad thing, of course," he continued with a smile so wistful that Catharine almost cried out at sight of it, "but not a bad thing, dear lass. I must follow my own path or die, and it lies far from yours; but I thank God it led me through this garden. It has cost me some wild moments when I believed I would sell my own soul for your smile, nay, more, that I would betray God for your sweet sake. But they were wild moments, lassie, and when sanity returned I knew I would never do it.

"So I am leaving you presently, and I shall not come back, for fear I should weaken and turn apostate for you. I am going now while what you have brought into my life is still all sweetness, all strength, all wonder and delight. But wherever I go, with all of me that is of this world I shall love you until death; and all of me that is mine to give, I have long since given to you forever. And may God guard you and keep you — darling!"

The moment had come. He had spoken, and it was time for Catharine to dismiss him as she knew so well how to dismiss young men, blithely, smilingly, with just a suggestion of tenderness to salve the wound, and just enough gravity to render tribute to his self-respect. But for once her talent failed her. She made a mess of it. She stood like a silly schoolgirl, both hands pressed to her mouth, her face as white as paper and her blue eyes wide and staring. He was going away. He loved, yet he could go away. He loved her, yet he would cut her out of his life. He loved her, yet he had not humbled himself at her feet, and he would leave her alone in the rose-garden

forever and ever.

His head drooped and he turned brusquely and started down the path between the rose-trees. And then all the gayety of Catharine vanished and all the pride of the Campbells went to pieces. Her legs gave way under her and she fell in a pitiful heap on the grass, sobbing. She did not see him turn at the sound, she did not see him run back over the intervening space and fall on his knees at her side; she knew only that two arms surprisingly powerful suddenly swept her off the ground, that a broken voice was murmuring wholly unintelligible sounds in her ear, that her face was buried on a shoulder and her arms around a neck, and that she was speechless.

So it happened that although Donald Whyte never proposed to Catharine Campbell and she never accepted him, nevertheless, they were married in the little Kirk of Rowe, and went to live on the farm near Dumbarton. But Black Janet said,

"Aye, he wouldna come to heel, so she maun follow him."

Her people were aghast, but they were sensible enough to accept the inevitable, and kindly enough to accept it with good grace. They gave her her dowry in gold guineas and wished her well.



But a shadow lay upon Donald Whyte in the months that followed. He was a faithful lover and a kind and considerate husband, but his wife knew that the shadow was upon him. And although he never mentioned it, she knew what the shadow was. The thought of America tormented him, and fear grew upon his soul that God had spoken through that letter and that he had been heedless.

One night he started out of his sleep with a sudden cry that waked her, and she struck a light. His face was haggard and strained, and when she would not accept his assertion that it was nothing, he confessed at last that he had dreamed of standing up to preach before a strange congregation. Not one face in it was familiar to him, yet each was impressed upon his memory so sharply that he knew the impression would remain for life. Most curious of all, however, was the background of the picture—tall trees of a variety he had never seen, growing out of a sandy soil.

She lay awake the rest of the night, but in the morning her decision was made. Donald was going mad. His American obsession was undermining his reason, and unless it was removed ruin lay

before them. At breakfast he found her smiling and gayer than she had been for weeks. At the end of the meal she spoke.

"I have made up our minds, husband," she said. "We are going to America."

When he had gone to his work, still bemused, protesting, incredulous, she threw herself face down on the bed and wept inconsolably.

A few weeks later they stood on the deck of a ship out of Glasgow and watched the Paps of Jura sink slowly beneath the long straight line of the sea; and a few weeks after that, they landed in a squalid frontier village called Wilmington, in the State of North Carolina. Up the river on which Wilmington was situated lay the colony of Scotch they had come to join.

II. DONALD WHYTE'S WIFE



DONALD WHYTE'S WIFE

IN those days there weren't any Foreign Missionary Boards, and Catharine and Donald Whyte came to the country on their own resources, just as every other immigrant came. The sale of the little farm near Dumbarton had brought them across the ocean, but now it was necessary for them to find a place where Donald could make a living with his hands during the six days of labor in order that he might preach on the Sabbath. They moved up the Cape Fear river from Wilmington and then crossed over into the valley of the Pee Dee. Finally they found what they wanted on the banks of a tributary of the Pee Dee, a little stream which bore the sinister name of Drowning Creek. Here they settled. Land was plentiful and cheap. They purchased a tract with the gold guineas that were Catharine's dowry; and in that country where money of any kind was scarce and what there was consisted for the most part of depreciated script, the good gold of England was so welcome that it went amazingly far. Catharine, accustomed to the tiny tracts that went by the name of farms in Scotland, had to pinch herself to make sure she was awake when she found how vast an area her money had purchased. In Scotland many a great noble possessed no more land than her modest dowry had brought her in this new country.

But what land! When they were settled in the little log house that was the only building on the estate, Catharine felt as if she had been dumped into a pit whose mighty walls shut her in on all sides. Back of the house were a few acres of cleared fields; in front of it ran a cart-track which served as a road. But back of the fields, across the road, and on both sides rose the pine forest. Catharine had seen what passed for pines in Scotland, but such trees as these she had never looked upon before. Great brown columns, three and four feet in diameter at the base, tapered up to point a hundred, a hundred and twenty-five, some a hundred and fifty feet above the ground. Their needles were a foot and a half long, and the fallen ones formed a thick mat on the ground which choked undergrowth, so that one walking in the forest looked down long colonnaded vistas on every hand. Far overhead, the branches, tossing in the wind, made a sound

like the swishing of the water along the sides of the vessel during those long weeks at sea. It almost made Catharine seasick again to listen.

A strange, somber land, sandy, level as a floor for mile after mile. One might ride along the narrow cart-tracks for half a day without meeting a human being. Almost the only change in the scenery was when the gloom of the pine forest thickened into the deeper gloom of the frequent swamps, veritable jungles of cat-brier, juniper and solemn, flat-topped cypresses. Through the midst of the swamp usually a sluggish stream meandered, its water stained by juniper roots to the color of strong coffee – sullen, sinister streams, any one of them might have been the dreadful river across which Charon ferried the souls of the dead, or so Catharine thought. The first night they spent in the log house a hoot-owl perched in the small white-oak that grew near the corner of the house. Neither of them could imagine what the creature was, and when its solemn, boding cry suddenly burst upon the air, to be followed immediately by a ghastly chuckle, for the first time in her life Catharine knew pure, undiluted fear. For the few seconds the thing lasted her body, lying in bed, for once completely escaped the domination of her mind and every muscle tensed into an agonized rigidity; her heart seemed to stop; her windpipe seemed to close; she could neither breathe nor move, as completely helpless as a paralyzed man. Then she sensed the startled movement of Donald, who was sitting up in bed, and she rebounded from the abyss far enough to recover the power of movement; but his upper arms were black-and-blue the next day where she had gripped him with the superhuman power her fright gave her. They clung together for minutes before they were satisfied the noise came from some unknown creature of the wilderness, and was not an echo from the Bottomless Pit. But Catharine always said that from that moment she was resolved never to utter a harsh word about the soldier who runs away in battle; for only half the fright she felt when the owl hooted would have destroyed the morale of any human being.

The man who sold them the land had said that the fields were already planted to corn, and Catharine expected to see a waving mass of wheat; but the “corn” proved to be maize, which shot up to an immense height and completed the encirclement of the little log house. So even the work of Donald’s hands contributed to her sense of stifling.



But Donald had escaped into a wider freedom. The people in the sparsely settled region were almost all Presbyterians, with a scattering of French Huguenots and at rare intervals an Anglican; but as houses were miles apart the need of human companionship was too great for religious prejudices to be allowed to stand in its way. The Whytes' nearest neighbor, Andrew MacQueen, who lived two miles away, was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, but he was far, indeed, from ordering Donald to stay off his land under penalty of the law. On the contrary, every day for weeks he left his own work and came over to give the newcomers help and advice about tilling their soil. Frequently his wife came with two or three of her many children, also, and told Catharine a thousand secrets about managing the house, and how things must be done differently in America.

Five miles away, on the other side, lived a family whom the Scotch called Leggett, but whose name had once been LeGette, perhaps. Anyway, they were French, not Scotch, and the man and his wife had both been born in America, at Charleston, which was full of French. But they were as kind as the MacQueens, although, because they lived farther away, they could not come over so often.

When Johnnie MacPherson, one of the few Baptists in the neighborhood, arranged for Donald to preach one Sunday in a grove at the cross-roads, to Catharine's great surprise everybody turned out. Not only were the MacPhersons and the MacQueens there, but also the MacLeans, the MacLeods, the Shaws, the MacGeachys, the MacEacherns, the MacMillans, the Monroes, the MacGuigans and the MacNeills, all stout Presbyterians, as well as the Leggetts, the DuBoises and the DeVinnes, French Huguenot, and even John Rutledge, the Episcopalian. He had driven twelve miles to attend the service. And everyone was not only kindly, but as respectful as if Donald had been a minister of the Established Church.

A few days later Mr. Rutledge, who was a magistrate, came to carry Donald down to Rockingham, the county seat, where they arranged his papers with the authorities so that he might be registered as a clergyman, legally entitled to perform marriage ceremonies. He explained that the nearest minister, until Donald came, was at Fayetteville, twenty miles away, a long day's journey.

And he asked if Donald would come some time to his plantation and preach to the household, including the Negroes, for it had been

more than six months since any minister had passed that way.

It was a strange and wonderful experience for the man who had had to stand on the King's highway in order to be allowed to preach at all in Scotland. And Donald went about with a new light in his eye and a new spring in his step. So what did it matter that Catharine felt her breath cut off whenever she looked out of the house at the wall of somber pines encircling it? She tried not to think of the wide, free air of bonny Scotland, and the long view from the rose-garden of Roseneath. Whenever she crossed Gilchrist Bridge, she tried not to think of the sparkling, blue Clyde, she tried to drive away the feeling that the black waters of Drowning Creek were closing over her soul. For Donald's faith was justified. He was needed here, and a great work lay ready to his hand.



But it was hard, and it grew harder as the months passed, for her first baby was coming. Somehow, it was the thought of the baby that drove her closest to the brink of madness. This was to be his inheritance. He was never to know the green fields and sunny slopes of Scotland, or Loch Lomond and the Highland crags, or the blue Clyde and the heather. All that his baby eyes were to look upon, all that he would remember as an old man, was to be the circling forest wall, the level, sandy land, the swamps and the sullen waters of Drowning Creek. Many a night when Donald was sleeping peacefully by her side she lay hour after hour, all taut and rigid, praying to God not to let her think. She had learned what the hoot-owl was, and he no longer troubled her. She had learned what the whippoorwill was, and his melancholy cry no longer troubled her. But the nights, when she lay so, seemed full of voices, whisperings and devilish chuckles, and groans; and she knew that the Devil was trying her soul, trying to break her spirit and make her unfaithful to her man, a hindrance, not a help to him in doing the Lord's work. The next morning she would rise resolved to make amends for her weakness by being doubly bright and cheerful; and Donald would go off to his work in the fields envying Catharine's ability to be happy in the new country.

A day came that remained in Catharine's memory as nothing but a red mist of agony, through which the faces of Mrs. MacQueen and Mrs. Leggett and of an old Negress appeared vaguely; until toward

evening the red mist cleared and they put into her arms a small bundle. Some one turned back a fold of cloth and revealed a wizened red face, with tight-shut eyes. A voice that seemed far off was saying,

“A fine girl, a beautiful little girl.”

Catharine turned giddy. It seemed worse than ever she had thought — a girl, a poor little lass who would never know the rose-garden, nor the laughter and gay banter of Roseneath, a child who must fight this wilderness with a woman's small strength! The watchers by the bed thought that she wept with relief to be safely through it all.

They named the child Mary, after Donald's mother, and as time went on Catharine began to realize that she had been foolish to doubt the wisdom of God. For her daughter was a powerful charm against those dreadful hours when the forest seemed threatening to close in and choke her. She began to look down the years and to perceive the time when she would rejoice indeed to have a woman, even a wee one, in the house with her. And a small drop of content seeped into her soul.



The first winter Donald cleared more ground behind the house for a new field, and the second winter he cleared yet more. Single-handed he could not cut down and remove the great trees, so he simply “deadened” them by chopping a shallow ring around the base of each. The fields thus cleared were left filled with standing trunks, gaunt skeletons of trees, naked and melancholy. But the sunlight could reach the ground and it could be tilled after a fashion; and each new clearing forced the ring of the forest a little farther back from the house, left more room for breathing, lessened the constriction Catharine felt. He hired a man to help him when he could get one, usually an immigrant boy newly come from Scotland. But such helpers were scarce and they never stayed longer than one season. Then they would push on, farther west, to secure land of their own. The difficulties increased, for Donald's ministry was growing rapidly in its demands upon his time. He was constantly receiving calls to come and preach from points twenty, thirty and forty miles away; or more urgent calls to conduct funerals, or to visit the afflicted. He was a good farmer, and he quickly learned the ways in

which cotton, corn and field-peas were cultivated; but no farmer can leave his fields constantly in the growing season without inviting trouble.

They talked of Negroes, but the idea of trafficking in human flesh revolted both of them.

"They are better off than they were in Africa," Donald admitted. "At least most of them are. But think of those poor Negroes who fall into the hands of men like Peterson. I was told today that one of his men ran away last week, after Peterson had given him a terrible whipping for some mischief or other. Peterson went after the runaway with dogs — bloodhounds — which chased the darky into Shoe Heel Swamp. He got into a bog there, and the dogs attacked him and tore him fearfully before the men came up and beat them off. Peterson is furious, because the Negro may die, and certainly will not be able to work for a long time. I almost hope he will die, for I hate to think of the burden Peterson will make of his life if he gets well."

"Peterson, the Englishman," said Catharine with a shudder. "Well, we can at least thank God it was none of our Scotch folk."

Two months later the immigrant whom Donald had hired to help him with his cotton crop suddenly decamped, and Donald was almost reduced to despair. He had been intending to ride over to Shoe Heel, ten miles away, where there were two stores and a post-office, to get the mail and buy some things he needed badly. But when the hired man disappeared, he had to send Catharine instead. The cotton was being chopped, which is work for hoe-hands, not for horses, so Catharine took the mare, a good saddler, and strapping little Mary on behind her, rode into the settlement. There the first things she saw were two white men engaged in a heated argument in front of one of the stores. One she recognized as Peterson, the other was a stranger. They broke off their argument as she rode up, and then she saw behind them the figure of a Negro, slumped against the steps that led up to the door of the store. He wore only a pair of tattered trousers, and his back and one side were crisscrossed with festering wounds. He was a revolting object, and Catharine was picking her way past him with disgust when he raised his face and looked up at her. It was probably an automatic gesture, for he seemed not to see her or realize her presence; but in his dog's eyes she read such hopeless, unutterable woe that her heart skipped a beat and she was momentarily faint. Within the store she asked the proprietor what was

going on.

"It's that Peterson," said the storekeeper snorting with disgust. "He's brought his runaway nigger, swearing he's going to sell him down to New Awleens. But the nigger's sick, and the dealer out there don't want him. Won't offer but a hundred dollars for him, and Peterson's cussin' mad. The dirty tyke! If he'd taken decent care of his nigger, he could a-sold him all right; but he's too stingy to do that, so I hope he does lose money."

Catharine knew of the Negroes' profound horror of being sold south, so the dumb agony of the creature outside was explained. She turned her back on the astonished storekeeper without a word and marched through the door.

"Do ye ken who I am, Mr. Peterson?" she said. The man turned and, somewhat reluctantly, it seemed, dragged off his hat. "It's Missis Preacher Whyte, ain't it?" he said, surprised. "Yes. Will you sell me this man? I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for him, and you know whether my husband will pay."

Peterson looked amazed, nay, shocked. It was ten seconds before his astonishment allowed him to answer. "Oh, yes'm, preacher Whyte's good for the money, all right, but I just dunno. I—uh—uh—I—uh—I dunno whether I want to sell a crippled nigger to a preacher, you know. I'll be fair with you, Missis Whyte. This buck's no good, and he ought to be sold south."

"Never mind that, Mr. Peterson. There it is, here and now. A hundred and fifty for the man this minute, or not at all. I've got to go back in a few minutes and I won't wait."

Peterson hesitated and the slave-dealer grinned. That probably settled it, for Peterson saw the grin and a wrathful red mounted into his cheeks.

"Fastest nigger-deal I ever heard tell of," he said emphatically, "but he's yours. Let's just step in the store here and git Butler to stand witness to the trade."

The storekeeper wondered, but was accommodating, and two minutes later Catharine was a slave-owner. Her property was too stupefied to realize much of anything, save that he was not going to be sold south, but he stuttered and wept his thanks for that. In a back room of the store Catharine partially cleansed his wounds and bandaged them with cloth supplied by Butler; and she got the storekeeper's permission to let him stay there that night until Donald could come over with the wagon, for it was clear that the Negro

could not possibly walk ten miles that day.

Donald listened to her report dumbfounded, until she explained the Negro's distressed condition. Then his eyes lighted and a slow smile twitched at the corners of his mouth and finally spread over his face.

"Where's your moral character, my girl?" was his comment when she had finished. "Trafficking in human flesh already! He'll probably die on our hands, and your effort will be wasted. Never mind, though, lassie, I know ye, and I know ye had to do it. And then, a cup of cold water in His name shall not lose its reward. We'll do what we can for the poor creature, and leave the rest to the Lord."

But Solomon—that was his name—didn't die. With plenty of food, rest, and careful dressing of his wounds he was on his feet again in no time; and he turned out to be a cheerful, hard worker. Donald's absences from the farm that year, although they were increasingly numerous, were less damaging than ever before; for with Solomon in the fields, the crops thrived mightily.

Later it developed that Solomon's original offense, for which he had received the flogging that drove him to run away, had been a trip after dark to another plantation to see a Negro girl who had taken his fancy. Donald investigated and found that his affection was returned; so at the end of the year, he bought the girl, formally married them, and built a little cabin behind his own house for their use.



Two years after their arrival they dedicated the first church established by Donald Whyte in America. They found a beautiful spot in a grove of long-leaf pines. At one side of the grove the land dipped down sharply to meet Shoe Heel Swamp; and at the foot of the slope, a bold spring burst forth, a spring of clear, sparkling water, astonishingly cold. They built a plain log hut in the midst of the pine grove, and on the Sunday they dedicated it, Donald preached to the seven members about the woman of Samaria, and the well of living water. They called the church Spring Hill.

Thereafter Donald made it a point to be at home at least one Sunday in every month; and in the morning he preached at Spring Hill in English and in the afternoon in Gaelic, for many of the older folk had never learned the language of the new country.

Not long after the dedication the congregation assembled again on a sadder occasion, the first funeral in the church. Big Duncan MacKay, one of the members, had been caught by a falling tree and the life crushed out of his giant frame in a twinkling. Catharine went to his house, as in duty bound, as soon as she heard of the accident, and found the widow in a state of wild hysteria. She was a gaunt, frail-looking woman, and what she was to do with herself and her four young children nobody could guess.

Four small children, and her man gone! The thought numbed Catharine. It would have been bad enough anywhere, but here in the wilderness it meant catastrophe, utter and irremediable. Duncan MacKay's house was half-finished, his land half-cleared. Over one of the two rooms there was no roof only rafters which would never receive the clapboards hewn by their owner's hands. All around the house were deadened trees, but the undergrowth had not been cleared between them, and now it never would be cleared by the strong hands which had begun the work.

Catharine noticed the small touches which testified to the dead man's desire to convert the rude wilderness dwelling into a home — the flower beds on each side of the door, the brick hearth laid in herring bone pattern, the water-bucket made of a cypress knee and curiously carved, the shelves supported by brackets cut into curls with a jig-saw. What a wealth of aspiration, of hope, of blind but resolute groping after beauty these pitiful little things revealed. And now it was all gone for nothing, all useless, all lost! Her throat ached, and no words would come which she might speak to the smitten woman.

A great gulf lay between her and this woman; Duncan MacKay's wife had walked in the Valley of the Shadow, where Catharine's feet had never trod. She had drunk bitter waters, no drop of which had as yet passed Catharine's lips. What could Catharine, out of her inexperience, say to this tortured woman that would not be an impertinence? After a few blurted words of sympathy she stood miserably silent while older women worked with the stricken one, and brought her at last back to a measure of coherence.

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."

As Donald spoke the words above the rude, home-made coffin a little later, it crashed upon Catharine with the weight of a physical blow that they were true, only too literally and exactly true. All her

life she had been hearing the familiar passage and assenting, but with an absent, mechanical assent that involved no real belief. Out in front of the church they had cleared a space, and in the midst of the little clearing was a pile of yellow clay; here six strong farmers lowered the coffin with the aid of plow-lines, while at the head of the grave Donald stood intoning majestic words . . . "the resurrection and the life" . . . "he that believeth" . . . "the spirit to God who gave it" . . . majestic words, beautiful words, but words. The other passage was more than words in Catharine's mind. It was a picture of a woman's haggard, hopeless face, and a memory of her own impotence to bring a ray of light into that face. To this new land God had at last given a church; and immediately afterward He had given it a churchyard. Catharine feared to think too much about these things, and she was glad when little Mary demanded her attention, and kept her busy for a long time. Mary was so radiant, so vivid, such a deliciously absurd miniature of Catharine herself, with her wisp of flaxen hair, her china-blue eyes, and her merry rosebud of a mouth, that she was a charm against all evil and melancholy thoughts.

But it was hardly more than a week until she was called out on a similar errand; and this was even harder, for it was a child. The mother sat, dry-eyed and dumb, by the bed on which the small, waxen figure lay. She uttered no word or cry even when two women lifted the little form and bore it into the other room, where the short box was prepared to receive it. And again Catharine felt that a deep, dark flood rolled between her and this woman, a flood which she dare not attempt to cross, although her heart withered at sight of the woman's grief.

Donald came in. He laid a hand on the woman's shoulder and spoke softly, but steadily.

"Suffer the little child to go unto Him, and forbid Him not. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, where the King keeps him for you."

A harsh, racking cry burst from the woman's lips, and she flung herself across the bed, sobbing at last. Catharine and all the other women but one went out, knowing the worst was over. And Catharine thanked God for sending Donald to this place.



Anna was born when Mary was two years old, on the same day that Sukey, Solomon's wife, brought a daughter into the world. Donald said that it was a good omen for the farm, but Catharine's thought was that four women-creatures were now dependent upon Donald, and she wondered that he did not complain of the increase of his burden.

When the baby was a few weeks old, a young man and his wife came by late one day and stopped for the night. The man's uncle had died and left him a small property in Scotland, and they were going back. They had a half-grown Negro boy with them. They had sold for a pittance their barren farm up in the sand hills, but none of their neighbors was able to buy the boy.

The farm, however, had not brought enough to pay their passage back to Scotland, so the boy was their only hope. Reluctantly, the man had decided to take him to the slave-market at Wilmington, and they were on their way now. Donald and the man talked long and earnestly that night. Money was scarce, but Donald had a little, and the slave-market was a horror; the next day he went down to Shoe Heel with the man and with the aid of Butler, the storekeeper, he managed to buy the Negro.

But it was not of the Negro, or of Donald's humanity, that Catharine thought as she watched them disappear down the cart-track through the pines that morning. Those people were going back to Scotland. Perhaps they would get a ship bound for Glasgow, and then, in a few weeks, they would see the Paps of Jura rising slowly out of the sea, they would coast along by Islay and Cantyre, they would double into the Firth of Clyde, and proceeding up the narrowing estuary, presently they would pass by Greenock, on one bank, and, on the other, by a certain house built in the Italian style, and a certain rose-garden, where a young girl used to walk — . Little Mary tugged at her mother's skirts, and the wild-eyed woman caught up the child and squeezed her so hard she cried out.



The farm prospered, and the circle of the forest fell back on every side. All winter Solomon and Cuffey, the youth whom Donald had bought, worked at felling gaunt skeletons of trees nearest the house and chopping them up for firewood. Then they would build fires on the stumps, seeking, with indifferent success, to burn them

out of the ground. But little by little the area around the house was cleared completely. Little by little the arable land of the farm thrust into the woods. It was a poor country for grazing, but Catharine managed to keep two cows and a few sheep. Her butter was sought by people for miles around. While the men were cutting firewood in the winter, she taught Sukey to card wool, to spin it, and to weave it into warm, durable homespun. She had brought rose cuttings from Scotland and had successfully rooted them; then, when the bushes grew up, she made new cuttings, and continued the process year by year until she had not only a fair rose-garden of her own, but supplied half the houses within ten miles with rose-bushes. She had brought a bit of heather, too, but under the intense heat of the Carolina sun it had withered and died.

There was enough to do on the farm to keep her from thinking too often of the ship that went back to Glasgow, and of the happy people who from her decks watched the green hills of Scotland come down to meet them.

But as the farm spread, and spread, and the people on it multiplied — after a year or two Donald had managed to buy a wench on whom Cuffey had cast longing eyes, and Cuffey's wife proved as prolific as Sukey — Catharine wondered to what end all this labor was performed. If she had a son, now, he might some day come into a fine estate. In the far distant future, indeed, he might return to Scotland, with American gold in his pockets, enough to provide decent dowries for his sisters. But there was no son. Still, one never knew. She kept up communication with her family assiduously, merely in case of good fortune. Her daughters at any rate, were not to feel themselves cut off from the world. They should always know that they had kinsmen at home whose doors would be flung wide at their approach.



It was from Scotland that she got her first real knowledge of the impending war. The settlement on Drowning Creek was so far removed from the main current of events that its inhabitants had only the vaguest notion of national politics. There had been some talk among the men, when they stood about under the pines in front of Spring Hill church, waiting for the service to begin, that President Madison was having his troubles, that certain of the younger lead-

ers, notably Mr. Clay of Kentucky, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, seemed hot for war, and that the cities of the North were restive. But it was vague talk, to which no one attached much importance, and which every one soon forgot.

It was through the medium of her letters from Roseneath that Catharine first came to realize how the clouds were lowering. The letters were angry and reproachful. Were the Americans devoid of sense, or devoid of decency? Was it possible that they were really ignorant of the course events were taking in Europe? The writers preferred to believe so, rather than think the Americans did not care. But it was hard to believe that even Americans could be ignorant of the fact that Britain was in the midst of a death-grapple with the arch-enemy of the human race. Yet if they were not ignorant, if they deliberately chose this moment to stab their mother-country in the back, then they were no better than tools of Bonaparte, agents of the devil. Catharine owed it to her family, to herself, to her ancient race to renounce and denounce a people who, at the moment when her kinsmen were being slaughtered on battlefields all over Europe, should rise up to present another bayonet at their backs.

"What does it mean, Donald?" she asked, sick at heart.

"It means war, I am afraid, lass," said Donald sadly. "But the whys and the wherefores of it all are beyond me. They have been seizing our ships and our seamen, I am told, and the country will stand it no longer."

"But to fight our own people! It is a monstrous thing," cried Catharine vehemently. "Think of all the braw laddies we know who are in the King's service. Think of young Fairley, and the Ramsay boys, and Alan MacDonald. What are we to do, oh, what can we do?"

"We can do nothing, lass, but trust in God and 'submit ourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.'"

"But if they make war on our own flesh and blood?"

"Let them that make war answer for it. That responsibility is not yours or mine. But this country, when it was at peace, made us welcome to share the bounty the Lord had heaped upon it. If we turn upon it in the hour of its need, we should shame not only ourselves, but Scotland that bore us. Trimmers, and shifters and fairweather friends do not come from the Land o' the Leal, lassie; and when she is herself again, Scotland will be glad we would not desert our friends, even for her sake."

Catharine was silenced. But she transferred the words to paper and sent them back to Scotland. She received no reply. Indeed, before there was time for a reply the war was raging and communication was cut off.

Catharine was silenced. But her heart was as bitter as the waters of Mara, for she felt that now another ocean than the Atlantic cut her off from Roseneath. The Atlantic, after all, could be crossed, but who might hope to traverse an ocean of blood? Three years afterward, when peace had come, she essayed it. As soon as the news reached her, she wrote to Roseneath, and this time she received a reply. It consisted of a casualty list clipped from a newspaper, with a circle drawn around one item. The item read:

"MacDonald, Major Alan. killed in action near New Orleans, January 8, 1815."



Red Archie MacLean came to Spring Hill to superintend the building of Donald's mill. Some hundreds of acres of the Whyte place were useless for agricultural purposes. They were in Raft Swamp, which was nearly half a mile wide at every point save where the road crossed it, and there it narrowed to a matter of a hundred yards or so. Catharine asked Donald why the stream could not be dammed at that point, and the useless hundred acres above it flooded. Donald by that time was too much interested in his preaching to pay much attention to the idea, but he gave her permission to go ahead. Indeed, he did more—he took Solomon and Cuffey, with three or four other men hired for the labor, and built a bridge across the ford there. The bridge was high in the middle and sloped down at each end to the level of the road.

Thereafter, whenever a team could be spared from the farm work, Catharine set it to hauling clay and dumping it in the road on either side of the bridge. In winter she was able to keep the teams so employed for days at a time. Before the end of the War of 1812 she had thus raised the level of the road to the height of the center of the bridge, so that the road now ran along a causeway through the swamp—a sort of mole broken only by the bridge. She proposed now to close this gap with watergates, and set a wheel below them. The causeway would serve as a dam.

But this was a sort of work requiring special knowledge not pos-

sessed by Donald, or Solomon, or any of the men in the neighborhood. Therefore they sent for Red Archie, who was a great builder of mills, and who lived down near Wilmington, or at least used that locality as a base, for he was forever roving over the country in search of his sort of work.

He came into the community like a great gust of wind—a huge, ruddy Scotchman with a thick thatch of flaming red hair, which had given him his name, a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and a bellowing laugh. He stood six feet one in his stockings. He could set his knees against the side of a five hundred pound bale of cotton, bend them slightly as if he were about to sit down, and then, gripping the top of the bale with his brawny arms and using his knees as a fulcrum, could swing the lower end of the bale off the ground. Out of this the Negroes made the legend that he could pick up a bale of cotton and set it on a wagon. He was hairy, gay, and desperately wicked. He cursed his Negro workmen in appalling terms, he made a point of getting drunk each Saturday night, and he fiddled at every dance for twenty miles around. He had a great, black stallion so vicious that no other man dared mount him, on which he rode all over the country. One night he rode into Shoe Heel when John Oxendine, the Croatan desperado, was on the rampage. Oxendine, a gigantic man with a villainous temper when in liquor, had charged into Butler's store flourishing an axe; the customers fled through the back door and the one window, and Butler, who happened to be on the opposite side of the store from his rifle, went with them. Just as they spilled out into the road, Red Archie MacLean rode up. They told him what had happened, and he laughed boisterously and marched into the store. The others, watching nervously through the open door, saw him step straight up to where the Croatan stood in the open space between the two counters, swinging his axe, scowling, and muttering unintelligibly. They saw the light flash back from the blade as he whirled the axe above his head, and they saw Red Archie leap like a panther, not at the Croatan's body, but at his arms. Then they saw no more, for something struck the single candle lighting the place and snuffed it out. In the darkness they did not know how to interfere, so they simply stood listening for interminable minutes to a hellish uproar inside. Then Red Archie emerged, dragging the Croatan after him. Red Archie was practically naked, bleeding at nose and mouth, and with a ragged tear in one shoulder where the Croatan's teeth had sunk; but Oxendine was insensible. They found later that two of his ribs and one arm were broken, one ear torn off

and an eye almost gouged out. For years people dated events from the night that Red Archie MacLean fought John Oxendine in Butler's store. Incidentally, Butler had practically to rebuild the interior of the place.

This laughing devil would stop at nothing. The work on the mill went forward swiftly and well, but long before it was done Catharine realized that Red Archie was actually making love to her every time they met. There was nothing she could do about it, either, for he was too sharp to come right out and say or do anything for which she could reprimand him, or which she could report to her husband. In any case it would have been difficult to make a report to Donald, for he was hardly ever at home now, always away preaching, down in South Carolina, or up in Duplin County, or over in Anson. He would hardly get back from one of his appointments before some messenger would come posting to carry him off to perform a wedding ceremony or to conduct a funeral.

And if he had been there, what could she have said to him that would not have sounded silly? She knew that every time Red Archie looked at her a dancing imp peeped out of his eyes, an imp that never appeared when he looked at other people. She knew that when he came to the house and sang old Scotch ballads, his rich barytone took on a quality it never held when he sang to others. He could croon

*"Jean, Jean,
My bonny Jean,
Come to your laddie once again"*

in a way that made it an open avowal. And when they were discussing some detail of construction of the mill he could say, "Yes, Mrs. Whyte," in a tone that held so much of a caress that she would feel a hot flush all over her body. But she could not report these things, she could not even take notice of them without utter loss of dignity.

She knew that it was all a part of his method, but she could not help admiring his shrewdness. Small wonder that he had the reputation of being a great hand with the women. He knew exactly how to vary his attack so as to take advantage of the weakness of each one. Catharine often thought about the many other women Red Archie must have bewitched in the course of his scandalous career. She knew that she ought to feel indignation and disgust at such af-

fairs, but all she really felt was impatience with the women. The silly geese had probably invited it, believing that they could play with this powerful, intensely masculine creature as if he were a woolly lamb.

And then Red Archie got around her in another way. He frankly loathed America and everything in it. It was his intention, as soon as the war ended, to make his way to one of the British colonies in the West Indies. He had been in Bermuda and the Bahamas and Jamaica, and one night he dropped his bantering air and talked seriously. And he made Catharine see white beaches gleaming in the sun, the surf crashing on coral reefs, the movement of the sea-breeze in cocoanut palms and white houses along white roads that ran through intensely green hills in the islands of eternal spring. She thought that she would not care about going back to Scotland if only she might get away, anywhere, from this dreadful place, this level land of level monotony. And then suddenly she began to be a little afraid of Red Archie. The dancing imp that peeped out of his eyes set brother imps to dancing in her brain. The strength of him cried out to the pride in her, and his recklessness found an answer in her blood. When news of peace and the end of his work arrived together, she said to herself that it was just as well. Donald was up in Duplin preaching, and Red Archie had to wait two days for him in order to make their final settlement. Catharine hoped a little nervously that her husband would stay at home a few days now, for she knew that when Red Archie went she would be lonelier than ever. But the millwright, leaving, was actually not a hundred yards from the house when he met a messenger coming to tell Donald that someone was dead back up in the sand hills, and he must come at once. He ate one meal in his own house, and then set out again.

The next day Catharine rode over to Shoe Heel, ostensibly to get the mail, although there was never any mail worth getting now, since Scotland had cast her off. What she actually hoped to do was to ride away from her own black thoughts. But they pursued her, they ran before her, they swarmed around her; and as she turned homeward again they seemed to thicken and darken with every step the brown mare took toward Spring Hill. Once, without realizing what she was doing, she cut the mare viciously with the hickory switch she carried; the animal's startled plunge brought her momentarily back to herself, and she was ashamed.

But the black thoughts had settled thickly upon her again, when

she was aroused by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs coming to meet her, and looked up to see the black stallion and his master bearing down upon her. Red Archie reined up just ahead of her and his mount, dancing backward, quartered across the road, completely blocking it. The brown mare halted, not because Catharine checked her, but because there was nothing else for her to do.

"I'm off," said Red Archie, with the elation of a long wanderer homeward bound at last. "There's a ship for Kingston, in Jamaica, sailing from Wilmington day after tomorrow, and I shall just be able to make it."

Catharine looked up to find the dancing imp staring boldly at her out of the bright blue eyes, with the crinkles of laughter around them, and all the imps within her leaped into clamorous answer. The black stallion fidgeted nearer and suddenly Red Archie leaned from the saddle until his face was close to hers.

"Come with me, lass," he said. Catharine's pulse pounded in her temples and all her blood raced madly through her veins. The ecstasy of Delilah when Samson lay at her feet rushed through her, and more than that, for not only was this mighty man of valor hers, but he offered her release, escape from the circling wall of the forest, escape from the somber pines and the funereal cypress and the black waters of Drowning Creek. He offered her air to breathe again, he called to her feet to dance again, he called to her heart to cast out melancholy and be merry once more. Romance leaned from the saddle of the great, black stallion and called to her to be off and away.

But she would not go voluntarily. In the midst of the tumult of her blood that almost blinded and deafened her, she knew that she would not go of her own motive. The man must take her, or she would be none of his. She made him no answer in words, but the hickory switch went up and down with lightning speed and laid a blistering welt on the black stallion's rump. In the ensuing whirlwind of heaving black horsehide, snorting nostrils and flashing, pawing hooves, admiration shot through Catharine. How the man could ride! Taken completely by surprise as he was, not for a moment did he lose his poise or his head. The spinning, leaping, contorted figure before her was not composed of man and horse; it was a single being, one and indivisible, a centaur gone insane.

When Red Archie got all the stallion's four feet on the ground together again, he was fifty feet from Catharine and the brown mare.

He leaned over, gently rubbing the horse's neck and speaking to him soothingly, and from that position presently he glanced sideways at Catharine. A shock went through her when she saw that his eyes were dancing, and he was smiling delightedly. What a man! She knew that he was coming for her in a moment, and she knew that if he ever put his hands upon her she was his. At that, she did not give him full credit, perhaps; for what she did not know was that he was facing the glare of the Campbell eyes at their most baleful, and facing it blithely.

Deliberately, carefully, he turned his horse toward her, touched him with the spur, and charged! Subconsciously Catharine saw him gather the reins in his left hand to disengage his right arm. His intent was plain. He proposed to sweep her from her saddle with one arm, and carry her off. She was no featherweight, for all her lack of inches, but he was man enough to do it, and that mighty black charger would never be checked in his stride. Instantly all the little imps within her screamed their hope that he would do it. Her warm, ardent flesh hoped he would. Her dancing feet hoped he would. Her reckless blood hoped he would. For the moment Catharine was all the daughter of the old robber laird of the Highlands and with her whole being she hoped he would.

Nevertheless, within the second that he braced himself and leaned toward her, the hickory switch flashed again, and this time its lithe tip whistled aslant right across the face of Red Archie MacLean. His left hand, holding the reins, jerked spasmodically, the stallion swerved, and his right hand but grazed her bodice as horse and man flashed by.

Ten paces beyond her he wrenched the stallion back upon his haunches; the horse made a half turn, towering; and when his forefeet came to earth again, Catharine had turned the brown mare and sat facing them. But the tumult within her had died utterly, died within that short space of time. At the critical moment he had blenched, just as Alan MacDonald had blenched, long years ago. He was not utterly master of himself. He could be swerved from his purpose; and it was like a dash of ice-water in her face to know he was not quite the man she had thought him. She was instantly cool. Now it was the eyes of Red Archie MacLean that glared with the malignancy of hell itself, and the face of Red Archie MacLean was pasty white except where a thin, red-hot line, beginning on one cheek, slanted across the nose to the other cheek and down to the jaw. But

as for the Campbell eyes, they were no longer even indignant. They were merely cold, as cold as the bits of blue ice one finds under a Highland crag sometimes in early spring when the grass is already green and crocuses are bursting forth in every sun-warmed lawn.

So they faced each other for a space and then the blue ice glinted and Catharine's lips curled in a slow smile. The white face with the red-hot line across it suddenly amused her. And when he saw that smile the man who had beaten John Oxendine with his bare hands knew that at last he was a whipped man. He spat out a foul oath, dropped his head and rode away down the colonnaded vista of the pines.

Donald, although he knew nothing of this last interview, had always viewed Red Archie's conduct with disapproval, but the man himself he couldn't help liking. He knew that this was weakness on his part and in after years when Catharine habitually referred to the millwright as "that dog," Donald admired her moral staunchness and wished that he might shape his life as consistently. He was far from suspecting that hating Red Archie was the form her penance took.



Weeks after the news of peace, when those who had relatives in the army were beginning to forget the dreadful tension under which they had labored for three years, word came that young Henry Rutledge, son of Squire John, was one of the casualties. He had been a lieutenant under Colonel Winfield Scott, and at the battle of Lundy's Lane he had been wounded and captured. Now, more than a year later, came news that he had died in a British prison camp.

Donald and Catharine rode over to see the Squire and his wife on a beautiful, mild spring day. The Squire had a big square house, raised high off the ground on brick pillars. A flight of steps, almost a stairway, led from the brick walk up to the porch, on which the owner and his wife were sitting when the callers arrived. The Squire immediately rose and came down the steps to greet them on the ground, after two of his Negro hostlers had run out to take charge of the horses. He was then in his sixtieth year, but Catharine realized, with a constriction of the heart, that he was now definitely an old man. He leaned heavily on a stout cane, and almost hobbled down the steps; his face was thin, and the skin drooped in pouches under

his eyes. The hearty, full-blooded Englishman of a year ago was now a dodderer. Henry was his only child, and his death had cut John Rutledge's heart out.

"It is—it is good of you to come," he said thickly, and turned to lead them up the steps.

On the porch his wife stood to receive them—a quiet woman of fifty-five, dressed in black, with a small scrap of black lace on her silver hair. She smiled faintly as she took their hands, then turned to direct a serving woman to bring forward chairs. Here was grief in a different guise. Mrs. Rutledge was not hysterical, not dumb and rigid; her manner was quietly courteous, even gracious. Only her eyes betrayed her torture. They were empty, bleak.

"Your son's loss has saddened all the country-side, Squire," Donald said presently. "Everyone loved and admired him."

"Thank you," said the Squire simply. He sat with his feet planted squarely on the floor, his cane standing between them and his clasped hands resting on the crook of the cane—sat like an old man, Catharine thought. He looked away over the wide field in front of the house for a moment, and when he spoke at last his voice was low, but steady.

"It was a great loss. But I have no complaint to make. He did his duty. Colonel Scott wrote—splendid man, Colonel Scott, an officer and a gentleman—a very fine letter. It has made us proud of—of Henry. The Colonel said he was a brave soldier and an excellent officer. Complimented me on having such a son. Made us very proud. *Pro patria mori*, you know. No, I have no complaint to make."

Suddenly Mrs. Rutledge spoke.

"We were born in England, you see, but he was American to the core. And now at last I feel that I am not a foreigner any more. He has bought us the right to feel at home here, and it would be ungrateful for us not to be happy and proud."

It was a fine faith that could brace a mother so splendidly, Catharine realized, but how anyone could wish to feel at home in America was more than she could imagine. And yet there must be people to whom it was a veritable Scotland. Henry Rutledge had died in its defense, and thousands of others, on land and sea, had died in this silly war. However, it was not fair to blame the soldiers and sailors for the folly of the statesmen. Probably it was anything but silly to them; certainly it was serious enough to those it killed. As she brooded over the matter on the homeward journey, a little glow of admiration began to tinge her pity for poor Henry Rutledge.

He went to his death following a false ideal, no doubt, but, after all, a man must follow the light that is given him; and there was no question that he had followed it manfully. Perhaps Henry had no cause to be proud of America; but America might reasonably be proud of him.



Little John was born that summer, and in her joy at the arrival of a man-child, Catharine lost her foreboding. If he had been born to the wilderness, then he should be master of the wilderness. After all, back in the old days some ancient Campbell must have found the Highlands a far more savage wilderness than this; the glory of that House was that it had dominated the wilderness, mastered it, tamed it. Donald rejoiced at the coming of a new Levite, to whom he might fling his own mantle when God should call him. To this Catharine assented, outwardly, but inwardly it was not of Spring Hill Church she thought as she bent over the child's cradle and basked in his sunny smile, or thrilled at the strength with which his tiny hands gripped her finger. She foresaw, not the priest in the temple, but the ruler in Israel. When this child came to manhood he should sweep the forest back, out of his way, he should compel the earth to bring forth her fruits in abundance, under another name he should establish Clan Campbell in a new demesne. Strength and justice should be his patent of nobility, and without the help of a king he should make himself a great laird in a land without titles.

Catharine's strength came back to her swiftly, and she took up her labor on the farm with an energy and a pleasure that surprised herself. She had it all to do now, for Donald's ministry occupied his time altogether. It was she who found a Negro who was skilled as a miller and hired him from his master. It was she who hit upon the scheme of promising Simon, the miller, that a certain part of all that the mill gained for its owner should be his, to the end that he might eventually buy his freedom — a scheme under which the mill prospered exceedingly. Red Archie had erected a cotton gin and a saw-mill, as well as a grist mill; and Simon worked hard to learn the trades of ginner and sawyer, as well as miller, in order that his share might be increased and his freedom come sooner. Now the trees on land to be cleared were no longer merely deadened and left to rot standing. They were cut down, and the logs dragged to the sawmill,

where Simon converted them into lumber, which went first into an addition to the original log house, then into barns, stables and new cabins for the Negroes, and what was left found a ready sale in the neighborhood. Tolls of cotton and tolls of corn were abundant enough to make the gin and the grist mill both sources of income.

All this Catharine superintended, and she also looked after the work that Solomon and Cuffey were doing in the fields, and that their wives were doing in the house. She was in the saddle a great part of the day, riding out to the fields, back to the mill, over to Shoe Heel to make purchases — not merely necessities for the house, but nails, tools, cotton bagging and ties, horse-shoes, grindstones, and a thousand other things that looked strange on a lady's shopping list. Yet her housework did not suffer, and the Negro women were kept busy all day long. She worked tremendously hard, yet she was tireless; for whenever the great saw whined into a fresh log, whenever another bale of cotton came thudding down from the gin press, whenever the millhouse began to shake to the rumbling of the millstones, she felt that another brier had been removed from the path which John Whyte should follow to his lairdship. Every small success she achieved now, she felt, went toward making broader and firmer the foundation of the dynasty.

So she thrived upon labor, and the very ache in her bones when she crept into bed at night was merely proof that the work was going forward. The pain of her body was balm to her mind.



One day Donald came home from a trip into South Carolina a different man. The moment she looked at him, before he spoke, Catharine realized that something extraordinary had occurred, but she could not imagine what, because the expression on his face was unlike anything she had ever seen before. It was a rapt, unworldly look which gave a sort of luminosity to his countenance. Catharine said afterward that she believed Moses must have looked something like that when he came down from Sinai and the children of Israel durst not look on him for that the skin of his face shone.

She soon learned what it meant. The day before he had preached at a place in South Carolina called Welch's Neck, which he had never visited before. But when he stood in the improvised pulpit and looked at the congregation gathered on benches in the open air un-

der the pines, there was something vaguely familiar in the picture. Where had he seen these people, and the sandy soil under them, and the pines behind them? Suddenly, like a great blaze of light, it came to him—this was the place and these were the people of his dream in Scotland a dozen years before!

Donald Whyte preached that day with such power as he had never approached before. Whereas hitherto he had sought the light stumblingly, had seen as through a glass darkly, had heard dimly and understood vaguely, now he *knew*. And the congregation without guessing why, still perceived that the power of the Lord was upon this man, and as the sermon swept to a climax sonorous as trumpets, thrilling as “the thunder of the captains and the shouting.” Bedlam broke loose. Men, women and children wept and shouted or fell upon their knees, praying aloud. It was a revival of religion that Welch’s Neck remembered for generations.

Even Catharine, when she heard it, was awestricken. But even so, she remembered that this meant that the fetters which bound her to America were completely welded now. If ever she had cherished the secret hope that in the end Donald would grow tired of the labor in this remote vineyard the last vestige of that hope was now swept away. She was genuinely shocked to find that she had cherished any such hope and sought, not without success, to forget it.

And the blow, if it could be called a blow at all, was now a light one. There was John to consider, and she began to suspect that, after all, his chances in America might be superior to his chances in Scotland. The farm was become one of the most successful in the county and Donald Whyte was already a man of substance. Spring Hill Church had nearly fifty members, and although they paid him no salary, the members were lavish in individual gifts to their pastor. Hams, shoulders and sides of bacon were trifles; again and again they brought him whole hogs, and wagonloads of corn; one enthusiast gave him a barrel of fine old whisky; and on the tenth anniversary of the founding of the church they clubbed together and presented him with a span of mules. The preacher’s smokehouse never lacked meat, his corncrib was never empty, his pantry perpetually overflowed with the donations of his parishioners. Some of them he redistributed in charity, but there was really little occasion for this, for while money was a rarity in the region, practically nobody was in want.

As Catharine watched and urged on her ditchers, cutting the main canal that was to render another hundred acres dry and fit for the plow, she breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that the Lord had smiled upon her. When she dragged herself out of bed long before dawn on bleak winter mornings to make sure that Solomon had fed the stock properly, in preparation for the long day of logging ahead of them, she realized that she was favored among the daughters of Israel. When she stamped her feet and slapped her hands to restore the circulation on frosty November evenings, while she superintended the stowing of the last load of corn in the bursting crib, she bowed in gratitude to the beneficent Providence that had caused her so to prosper. For all this would add to little John's power and prestige one day, when he should become a great man among the Americans; and his greatness would somehow compensate her loss of Scotland.



Euphemia was born when John was a little over two years old, and able to run about everywhere, albeit he teetered precariously as he ran. Catharine, loath to surrender the direction of affairs when everything was going so well, had not been sufficiently careful before her time came, and as a result she lay for a long while after the child was born, and recovered her strength with dreadful slowness. She was just able to move about the house a little when the first hard frosts of November brought hog-killing time. Fortunately, Solomon and Cuffey were perfectly competent to carry on that work with the help of the Negro women, so Catharine was content to remain indoors.

It was a time of wild excitement for the children, of course. Huge fires had been built out near the barnlot, over which mighty kettles of water were boiling. Into these the bodies of the slaughtered hogs would be plunged to scald the hair off; and after the scalding Cuffey and Solomon, scraping with butcher knives and brickbats, would quickly turn the black monsters into gleaming white pork. Under a shed the women waited to do their part of the work, the rendering of the lard and the making of sausage and liver-pudding. The children, white and black, swarmed all over the place.

Within the house Catharine, for once, was doing absolutely nothing. She had looked after the few small household tasks she allotted

herself these days, and lay across a bed, with Euphemia's cradle near by, resting, and listening to the noises of the blithe and busy workers outside. The Lord, she thought, had been very good. At last she was recovering her strength, and in the meantime little John's interests had not suffered. All that activity outside was proof that the house he was to inherit was being kept in order against the day when he should succeed to it.

Her meditations were interrupted by a man's wild shout, followed instantly by the scream of one of the Negro women, then a pandemonium of children's shrieks, above which rose high, wild and blood-curdling the voice of Sukey.

"Lawd a' massy, Lawd a' massy, Lawd a' massy" she was yelling, over and over again, and there was that of utter horror in her voice that held Catharine to the bed as if she had been strapped there, for a dreadful second or two. Then the power to move returned and she ran as she had never run before. As she reached the door she saw Solomon running across the yard holding a bundle wrapped in his coat, a bundle that writhed. The black man's face was ashy-gray and his eyes were almost starting from his head. Behind him came Mary, screaming and two or three pickaninnies trailed along with Sukey, still shrieking insanely.

"Who is it? Who is it?" snapped Catharine, as she met Solomon and reached out for his bundle. "John?"

"Yas'm," gasped Solomon, surrendering the bundle. He jerked his head toward the spot where flames leaped high around one of the great pots. "Fiah," he explained.

"Sukey, be still!" Catharine's voice cracked like a whip-lash. "Get oil, lard, anything."

"Janet" — to another Negro woman — "clean rags."

To Solomon, "Find your master."

To Cuffey, "Get these children out of the way."

Under the stinging tones they scattered as if scourged. Catharine had a fleeting glimpse of Solomon running for the barnlot as she passed into the house and rushed to deposit her burden on the bed where she had been lying so peacefully a moment before. Swiftly, yet with utmost care, she folded back the coat and uncovered the horror that it concealed. Her baby boy — that blackened, terrible face, smeared with wood-ashes and charcoal, the fair ringlets burned into an ebon mass on the forehead, the little dress charred and sticking to the reddening flesh. A cry — yet not a cry, but a terrible croak came

from the twisted lips, and Catharine's heart crumbled within her. Sukey thrust a bottle of oil under her eyes, Janet appeared on the other side, her hands full of soft cloth. They worked madly, but without a word, until all had been done that could be done. When the child had been swathed like a mummy, and for a moment lay relatively still, Catharine straightened up and spoke to Sukey.

"What happened?" It was all she said, but the Negress, meeting her eyes, cringed as if she had been struck.

"Dem chillun. Nobody know. All un 'um runnin' roun' de fiah. His foots musta slipped—he fell spang in it. On his face. Solomon retch in an' drug him out."

Catharine could have killed the woman with her bare hands. She could have killed them all, without mercy, without ruth, with wild, savage joy. Then suddenly a sense of the hopeless futility of wrath swept over her, and she sagged, until a movement of the little mummy on the bed galvanized her into tense watchfulness again.

"No matter. Don't talk about it," she said, briefly. "Janet, take Euphemia into the front room and keep her there. Sukey, stay here with the oil and bandages."

She bent over the bed and began the vigil that was to last until dawn the next morning, and was to make her begin to understand why the Master in Gethsemane "sweat as it were great drops of blood."

At sundown Donald arrived, for the first time in his life lashing an exhausted horse cruelly. Solomon had caught him at Shoe Heel, whence he was preparing to depart, after a talk with Butler about business, to a preaching appointment far down in South Carolina. Solomon had ridden the brown mare, the swiftest animal on the place, and when he rolled off, rather than dismounted, the mare planted her four feet wide apart, dropped her nose almost to the ground, and stood, heaving.

Donald was about to loose the vials of his wrath upon the Negro when he realized that Solomon was in worse shape than the mare. The man was swaying drunkenly on his feet, and breathing in heavy gasps.

"Mistis," he finally got out, "say come quick. Little Marse! Fiah, under de scaldin' pots. Burnt bad."

Perspiration stood out on Solomon's face in great beads. He raised one hand as if to wipe it away, staggered, then toppled in a heap. But as he raised his hand Donald saw that which banished his suspicion that Solomon was drunk. He dropped on one knee by the

man's side, picked up first one wrist, then the other, and turned the hands palm upward. There were no palms, properly speaking, in Solomon's hands. Both had been terribly blistered and the blisters had been torn to pieces. As Donald held them, blood oozed from both hands and dripped on the ground. In dragging the child from the fire and beating out the flames in his clothes, Solomon had burned both hands badly; but without paying them any attention, he had saddled the mare and ridden furiously for ten miles, the reins tearing his blistered hands at every jump.

Donald called Butler and gave the unconscious man and the half-dead horse into his charge, then set out on his own mad ride back home. A white-faced woman, a stony woman, whose eyes all but turned him to stone, met him at the door of the room where a little, swathed figure writhed and twisted on the bed, croaking horribly now and then. As darkness descended over the farm, Donald Whyte went down with his wife into such blackness as neither had ever imagined before, a Valley of Shadows worse than the darkness of Egypt because it was shot through with the light of pain, lurid pain, reflected from the red flames of hell that seared their souls.

As dawn struggled through the windows and began to dim the guttering candles, Catharine for the thousandth time leaned over the bed until her face almost touched the little figure, motionless now. Then she rose to her full height and her eyes became great and luminous. She raised both hands, clenched, above her head and flung her head back until she looked at the ceiling.

"Praise God!" came her strangled cry. "He's dead."



Rebecca was born a few years later, but they never had another son.

Once Donald started to dogmatize. "Perhaps the Lord saw that we idolized him too much," he ventured. But Catharine stopped him.

"Hush, Donald, hush!" she said quickly. "If you value my soul, don't say that was any of the Lord's doing. If I believed the Lord had done that to an innocent baby for his mother's sin, I should have to curse Him and die. No, it was our own carelessness. Perhaps it was the Devil's opportunity to try us. But it was none of the Lord's doing."

Donald looked at her sharply, and never mentioned the subject again.

As soon as the funeral was over, Cuffey had been ordered to hitch up the wagon, and she had ridden over to Shoe Heel to fetch Solomon home. They pleaded with her to stay in the house and rest, but the thought of sitting idle all but drove her mad. Solomon's injured hands had become infected, and he was obviously in grave danger. Here was something to do, and she was grateful for the opportunity to keep busy. For a week she hardly left the sick Negro's bedside day or night, except to sleep heavily for an hour or two when physical exhaustion made dreamless sleep possible; and everyone marveled at the cool competence with which she attended herself to every dressing of the wounded hands, and the way in which she could quiet Solomon with a word when he began to rave in his delirium. He would start out of a fitful sleep and begin to shout,

"I drug him out quick's I could, Mistis. I drug him out quick's I could!"

And he would struggle to get out of bed until her calm, "Yes, Solomon, I know," would cause him to drop back, muttering, perhaps to sleep again. At the end of a week, however, she had dragged Solomon back from the edge of the grave. Then she insisted that Donald should keep his next appointment, fairly drove him out to it, indeed, and resumed her management of the place. When the ordinary work was done, she invented tasks for herself. She rode back and forth, up and down, over almost every foot of her land. She projected countless schemes of improvement. But she could not prevent dreadful moments when, in the midst of some task the sickening futility of it all would crash upon her almost like a physical blow. She was laboring as she had never labored before to build up an estate to which there was no heir. What a fool she was! Sometimes at the thought she would break out into audible laughter; and at the sound of that laughter any of the hands who happened to be near would start, and glance up apprehensively, and murmur to each other, shivering.

But as the months passed madness retreated, step by step, until from being her constant familiar, grinning over her shoulder, it became a distant shadow, then a memory, then nothing. But as it withdrew something else went out of her, too, some fluidity of the spirit, some jocund adaptability. She was faintly conscious of the change—felt herself settling into form, becoming fixed and solid. The cease-

less labor, which she sought originally as an expression of her joy in her son, and afterwards as an anodyne, had now become a habit; but as a habit it was more a part of her being, more inseparable from her life, than it had ever been before. She became sane, calm, vigorous. But as the storm drifted, muttering, into the distance, and died away, girlhood went with it.



Shortly before Rebecca was born, she and Donald were called again into a house of mourning. Donald feared the effect on her and urged her to stay at home, but she dismissed his urging impatiently, and they went to see Mrs Leggett, one of whose children had fallen victim to typhoid after a cruelly long illness the strain of which had almost finished the mother too. But this time when Catharine went into the room and once more saw a mother sitting beside her dead, she had no sense of a great gulf fixed between this woman and herself, nor did any feeling of hopeless impotence assail her.

"Come with me," she said calmly to the stricken woman, and not until hours later did she think to be surprised that the woman obeyed without a word. Nor did she think it strange that the other women about the place followed her suggestions promptly, and when they had put the mother to bed, looked to her to tell them what to do next. She was filled with compassion for Mrs. Leggett and with sorrow for the child, but never again would she be petrified when she met Death face to face. He had done his worst. He had drained fear out of her.



Rebecca was a disappointment, on account of her sex, but the disappointment was brief for the baby within a few days had developed all those amazing individualities which mothers are capable of discerning in little babies before the rest of the world is able to distinguish any human quality about them. Mary was a great girl now, at thirteen almost as tall as her mother; and the others were thriving children.

The community had long ago built a log schoolhouse near the church at Spring Hill. At first Donald conducted the school, but later they had brought in outside teachers and now the Spring Hill Acad-

emy was the pride of the neighborhood and was celebrated throughout the county. Indeed some fathers sent their sons from as far away as Duplin and Anson counties on account of the admitted superiority of the Spring Hill school. Catharine resolutely kept Mary in school in the face of the neighborhood's doubt of the propriety of teaching girls such subjects as Latin, and Roman history, and natural philosophy. A girl, most people felt, once she had learned to read and write, and cipher, perhaps, as far as simple fractions, ought thereafter to be at home helping her mother. Nevertheless, Mary stayed in school.

And the years dropped away, one by one. They were filled with labor and stresses and strains, but on the whole they were peaceful years. Donald's work flourished mightily. Churches sprang up wherever he traveled, and his greatest worry now was to find young men to train for the ministry.

And as Donald's ministry prospered, so did Catharine's. The forest that had circled around the house so closely that it left her hardly room to breathe when she first came there had fallen far to the rear now, and when Catharine emerged from her door she gazed over wide fields, stretching to a low line of trees on the horizon. Solomon's cabin was now duplicated a dozen times, for as his and Cuffey's children grew to marriageable age and fixed their affections on some young Negro on a neighboring plantation, Donald invariably contrived to buy the betrothed. He never sold one of his own. The swine and the cattle, the horses, mules, sheep and fowls multiplied, too, until Donald became the lord of broad acres and many herds.



In the twentieth year of his ministry in America he told Catharine he had found his successor in a lad named John Monroe, who had joined Spring Hill church a year or two before.

"The hand of the Lord is upon him," said Donald as simply and as certainly as if he had been declaring that the boy's eyes were blue. "All that is necessary now is to train him, and he will take up the work when I lay it down. I shall keep him with me as much as possible, and he will take the place of the son God has denied us. If anything should happen to me, lass, I rely on you to see that the work goes on."

So John Monroe began to travel with Donald Whyte almost everywhere he went, and to spend much of his time in Donald Whyte's house when they were at home. He studied exegesis with Whyte, and with him spent day after day and month after month penetrating the mysteries of the Scriptures. And Donald said he increased in wisdom and in virtue every day.

But as one of Donald's problems seemed in the way of solution, a new one arose to confront Catharine. It concerned Mary. Dugald Watson came a-courting. He was a serious-minded youth — so much so that there could be no doubt of his intentions. To Catharine he was much too serious, and she could not imagine what any young woman could see in so heavy-witted a fellow; but Mary did nothing to discourage him. For the rest, there was nothing to be said against him. To be sure, his name sounded more English than Scotch; but Catharine had been informed that his father, old Neill, had really been named MacLauren, which he had anglicized on coming to this country. And the boy himself was honest, sober and hard-working.

So Catharine set about the terribly difficult task of persuading herself that her little Mary was really budding into womanhood. She had not quite succeeded, though, when Dugald spoke to Donald and Donald came to her to ask her advice. So she counseled delay, although she knew it was more on her own account than on that of the young people. However, they were dutiful children, and they agreed peaceably to wait a year.

But that year had still a few weeks to run when Donald and John Monroe made an expedition up into Duplin county, and Donald never came back. His years of missionary work had worn him out, although he was not yet fifty. Two years before he had had to abandon the saddle. Fortunately, the roads were then good enough to enable him to travel in a high, two-wheeled vehicle, known to the Cape Fear Scotch as a road-cart. In this he and John Monroe had made half the circuit of Duplin County, when they were caught one night in one of the rare sleetstorms that winter sometimes brought the region; and when they reached the house where they were to spend the night, Donald was chilled to the bone. He was ill the next morning, and pneumonia set in. John got a message back to Catharine, and she came with all speed, but when she arrived Donald was already in a coma from which he never recovered.



They were amazed at her fortitude. With her own hands she performed the last offices for him, clothed him for burial, composed his limbs, crossed his hands upon his breast. She had ridden half the night to reach him, had sat by his bed until he died in the early morning, and not until all had been arranged would she retire to rest for a little. Yet that night she insisted on watching by him, and forced them to leave her alone with him.

Nor could she herself explain what bore her up. She was glad that she could bear up, since she knew Donald would have had it so. "Lass, I rely on you to see that the work goes on," he had said; and she would not fail him.

She sat by the bedside and gazed steadfastly at the waxen face. Donald was gone and this, his earthly tenement, seemed curiously impersonal, curiously remote from her life. She was able to examine it with a strange detachment, almost as if she had been a stranger seeing it for the first time. It was a thin, ascetic face, with fine nostrils, the wide mouth of the orator, and a magnificent breadth of brow. It might have served some sculptor, Catharine thought, as a model for the head of a saint. And surely Donald deserved canonization if ever man had. Not only had he been an evangel in the wilderness, but not even she, his wife for nearly a quarter of a century, could bring an accusation against him. She knew he was capable of terrible wrath, but she could not recall one time when she or her children had heard his voice raised in anger toward them. He had trusted her utterly and had been utterly faithful to her. He was indeed the man of God, God's gentleman. Lucky the woman who had a husband to compare with Donald.

All of him that was earthly, he had said, he would give to her; and he had been as good as his word. But there was so much of him that was not of this world, so much upon which she had no claim at all. That very gentleness when he was in his own house — did he feel that he owed it to her, or that he owed it to the Master? Would he not have been as gentle with any other woman he might have married? Catharine thought he would. How much of him was actually indubitably hers, she never had been able to fathom; but that a great deal of him belonged to God she knew beyond a doubt.

And now that God had called him, it did not seem a very terrible thing — nay, not a terrible thing at all. He had the right. She had known it all along; she accepted it now. Donald had only been lent

to her, and now that the loan was recalled, why should she repine?

But if Donald had given her what was earthly him, what was spiritual in her certainly belonged to him, for he had implanted it, and fostered it and brought it to fruition. And he had disposed of it, finally, irrevocably.

"I rely on you to see that the work goes on."

It was the voice of God's servant, therefore for Catharine it was the voice of God.

One of the candles was guttering low. Catharine replaced it with a new one and stood looking down at her husband. What tranquillity! Death had not in this case, as he so often does, emptied the face, drained it of all personality, all significance; on the contrary, he had filled it with a quiet that was a positive quality, something more than merely the absence of stress, a profound and enviable repose. "He giveth His beloved sleep," murmured Catharine.

She sat down again and considered all the years that had passed since they had first sighted Wilmington. This had been a good man, but also a masterful man. In the wilderness he had not perished. It was the wilderness that had perished, driven back, obliterated by this dominant spirit that had changed it to his purpose. And men had followed him as inevitably as the wilderness had fallen back before him. He was a chieftain, not unworthy of the blood of the great lairds of Scotland.

And he had chosen her for his mate. Humbly, she wondered why. So light and frivolous a girl, a girl so plainly unfit to be his helpmeet, he should have passed by without a second glance. But he had stopped. He had lingered in the rosegarden. She had not enchained him; he was far too strong a man for any woman to enchain, and she still exulted in the thought. But for some inscrutable reason he had preferred her to all other women; and she, alone among women, had once caused him to turn and retrace his steps. That sunny afternoon at Roseneath returned to her memory so vividly she could almost smell the roses. When she had fallen on the grass, he had come back. He had rushed back, he had kneeled to raise her up, he had forgotten everybody and everything in the wide world but her.

She slipped to her knees by the bed, buried her face in the counterpane and wept softly.

The next day she stood by the grave, straight, quiet, composed, while slim young John Monroe, looking pale and wild, spoke stum-

blingly. "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." How kind everyone had been. How awe-stricken were the faces of the young people; so might the Israelites have looked as they buried Samuel at Ramah. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children." How reverently the six burly farmers were lowering the crude coffin. It was a dreadful strain on poor John; the lad could hardly get out the words. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Ah, it was over. John had stooped and caught up a little sand, which he was scattering into the grave; the poor boy was positively gasping now. "... this body to the earth ... the spirit to God who gave it." It was quite over. John had closed his Bible and was looking around at her. She made a slight movement and he came toward her, came to lead her away. He gave her his arm, and she took a long look at the open grave, even as one of the farmers made a move toward the spades lying behind the pile of earth on its other side. Good-by, Donald. John was urging her gently forward. She took a step. Good-by, Donald, good-by.

Back at the house they pleaded with her to stay with them a while lest she exhaust her strength completely. She was moved by their goodness, and thanked them from a full heart. But she explained that her little girls needed her now, and she must get back to them as quickly as was humanly possible. John would drive her, and if they started at once they would be many miles toward home by night.

So presently they brought around the road-cart and she took John's former place in it, while he took the reins. They rode off, Catharine sitting very calm and very straight as the road-cart passed out of sight behind a clump of dog-wood trees.

III. GRANDMAA

GRANDMAA

WHEN Donald Whyte Watson was beginning his struggle with the intricacies of speech, he was told that the superior being around whom the universe obviously revolved was Grandma. But his was still the 'prentice hand. With all the good will in the world, he could not quite manage the broad "a"; he flattened it into the sound of the "a" in "pat," and his effort so amused his doting parents that they accepted his emendation. Grandmaa she became, and as other grandchildren came along they fell into the usage naturally, so Grandmaa she remained.

She accepted the name amusedly. Indeed, she found it hard not to accept pretty much anything little Donald did, for she saw in him a direct answer to prayer. Here was the heir to her labors. Even before the child's birth it had become evident that the elder Donald had chosen wisely when he decided upon John Monroe as his successor, for the young man had entered upon his duties as the pastor of Spring Hill in a way that left no doubt of his fitness for the office. That part of Donald's work was in good hands. It would go on without Catharine's assistance and she might, with a clear conscience, devote her efforts to the family.

Not that she abandoned John—on the contrary, in the first few years of his ministry, he found her a tower of strength and a source of invaluable practical advice. Wherever there was sickness, or sorrow, or distress, she was wonderful. John was eloquent and earnest, while she said little and sometimes seemed to be almost flippant; but somehow she contrived, always, to ease the pain. Long years ago she had learned the virtues of Peruvian bark as a specific against chills and fever; and when her own children were small an ancient Negress, a "conju' woman," who the slaves knew, and half the white people suspected, was in league with the Devil, had taught her many curious properties of roots and herbs which were common enough in the woods. She rode round the country with saddle-bags stuffed

with dried weeds, out of which she made poultices and strong draughts that were potent against an astonishing number of ills. And for mental suffering she had a fund of common sense and experience which were as tonic to the mind as her poultices were soothing to the flesh.

Therefore by the time little Donald renamed her Grandmaa, it was nothing uncommon for a breathless messenger to come thundering at her door at two o'clock in the morning with some tale of neighborhood distress; or for a dusty rider to draw rein at her gate to deliver a call from twenty miles away. Nor did they ever call in vain. "Lass, I rely on you," he had said; and under the broiling August sun, through howling September storms, and in January blizzards she proved that his reliance was justified. The straight, slim figure, jogging along the roads at all hours of day and night became familiar to the country-side; and within a radius of many miles when Grandmaa Whyte's battered saddle-bags were brought into any sick-room, the patient felt better immediately.



She even went over into Scuffletown when smallpox broke out among the Croatans. This was more than the sheriff would have done. Without at least two stout men at his back he did not invade Scuffletown under any circumstances; with smallpox there he would not have gone in with a regiment. Nobody understood the Croatans. They were the one people with whom neither Donald Whyte nor John Monroe had ever been able to establish contact. They were an olive-skinned race with straight black hair, obviously of Indian origin. But they were not like other Indians. They were lighter in color, and some of them were blue-eyed. When white settlers first came to the country, these people were using cross-bows and spinning-wheels, and speaking English which contained many archaic expressions. Furthermore, they had English names — Oxendine, Dare, White, Lowery and others. Tradition had it that they were descendants of the colony Sir Walter Raleigh had established on Roanoke Island in the sixteenth century. That colony had vanished without a trace save the word "Croatan" carved on a tree, and it was entirely possible that its members had moved back into the up-country and become amalgamated with an Indian tribe.

But this was all speculation. The Croatans were an uncommuni-

The door opened slowly. She was evidently being subjected to a careful inspection. Then a tall, gaunt man appeared, holding a rifle.

"Go back," he said, motioning with the rifle in the direction whence she had come. "Sickness here."

"So I heard," said Grandmaa. "Call the dogs and come take my horse."

The man's drawn, swarthy face did not move a muscle.

"Go back," he repeated. "Sickness here. Smallpox."

"I heard you," said Grandmaa testily, "but what can I do about it with these dogs here ready to eat me the minute I put foot on the ground? Call them off. You are Jim Berry, aren't you? Well, call these dogs."

The man stared uncomprehendingly. "You musn't a-heard," he stated with conviction. "I said smallpox. Wife and two young-uns. One of 'em dead already. Git back, Mis' Whyte, and git back quick. I done told you, now."

"My heavens and earth!" snapped Grandmaa. "What a fool you are, Jim. Standing there with that gun like you thought I was the sheriff and you knew me all the time. Come get this horse and bring these things in the house."

She was already climbing out of the road-cart, whereat the dogs growled and bristled. This roused Jim and he cursed them sharply. They slunk back, and he came forward, still uncertainly.

"But, Mis' Whyte, you ain't goin' in no house where smallpox is, is you?"

"If you'll ever wake up enough to hitch my horse, I certainly am." She threw him the reins contemptuously and brushed by him. "My saddle-bags are in the cart. Bring them in," she tossed over her shoulder as she passed through the door.

It was a fetid den. The odor almost staggered her on the threshold, but she put down her head and plunged in. The one unglazed window was shuttered tight and she could hardly see; but in a corner she made out a wretched pallet on the floor, and a haggard face with fever-bright eyes staring at her over the top of a filthy quilt. This was the man's wife. Somewhere between her and the wall a child whimpered feebly.

The light from the door was darkened as Jim entered with the saddle-bags.

"Open that window and let us get some air in here," she directed. He hesitated, then obeyed. She looked beyond the woman

and discovered the child. Its face was spotted with pustules, and it was staring at her like a startled animal.

Then across the room she discovered something covered with a piece of burlap.

"T'other one," said Jim, dully, in response to her inquiring look. "Hit died this morning. Been so busy with these here, ain't had time to bury it."

She fought back the wave of sick horror, and motioned toward a rude bucket, made of a cypress knee.

"Water, Jim," she said, shortly, "and build up the fire while I clean one of these pots."

The hearth was littered with utensils bearing mute testimony to the man's efforts and to his unskillfulness as a cook. While Jim went for the water, Catharine busied herself cleaning a pot. All this time the fever-bright eyes had followed her every movement, but the sick woman had not uttered a word.

Catharine, scouring the pot, addressed it, rather than the woman.

"Soon as the water boils I'll fix up something that'll drive the fever right out of you," she said, working vigorously on the pot. "You'll feel lots better tomorrow."

There was an inarticulate sound from the pallet, and Catharine, glancing sidewise, saw that the woman had begun to cry. She said no more, but made a great clatter with the pot, until Jim came in with the water, when she opened the saddle-bags, selected some of the herbs and put them to steep in the pot.

For two hours she worked without cessation. At the end of that time the woman had been given a hot concoction which Catharine knew was a fine febrifuge, and had fallen into a light slumber; the child had taken a little broth and lay quiet; and the cabin had been reduced to a semblance of order. Darkness had fallen, but a pine-knot thrown on the fire gave sufficient light. Jim, who had been at work for a long time outside, came in and stood by the door, hesitantly.

"Ready now," he said, in a low tone.

"All right," said Grandmaa, "I'll come with you."

Through the flickering firelight he stepped over to the burlap in the corner, knelt and busied himself there for a moment, and when he rose held in his arms a short bundle, wound up tightly in the rough cloth. The firelight sent shadows incessantly darting in all directions, and the tall, gaunt figure seemed itself to flicker, shoot-

ing up to gigantic height one moment, only to dwindle to dwarf-like proportions the next. It was unearthly, weird. For a moment Catharine seemed to be facing not a human being, but Death carrying off one of his own children.

They stepped out of the door into a different light, for the moon was hanging over the tops of the trees to the east. Too low as yet to flood the earth with silver, it gave a gray, diffused light, sad and uncertain. The Croatan strode toward the side of the clearing where, under a stunted white-oak, he had dug a short trench. In it he deposited his bundle, straightened, and glanced at Catharine questioningly.

Could she improvise a burial service? Jim had laid his hand on the spade leaning against the oak; he was passive; he awaited his cue. Tags of familiar passages whirled madly through Catharine's head and she strove desperately to capture one. "I am the resurrection—" "As a flower of the field, so—" —of few days and full of trouble—" —though he were dead, yet—" "

She clasped her hands miserably and stared at the eastern sky. A huge, flat-topped cypress, soaring above all the other trees in the swamp, flung one skeleton arm across the face of the moon, where its every twig was etched in black. With its trunk it suggested a mighty cross. But it was not the comforting symbol of Christianity. It was a grotesque, sardonic cross, and behind it the moon leered evilly. God seemed far away from this ghastly clearing in the half-light, and the majestic words suited to Christian burial seemed fantastically out of place in this haunted wood. Catharine spoke suddenly and hurriedly:

"God, take this child. Jim has done his best for it, and he is doing his best for his poor wife and the other child. Remember that when he comes to judgment. And have mercy on us all, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Jim raised his bowed head.

"Thankee, ma'am," he said, and for the first time there was warmth in his voice. "The youngun oughta had some words said over him, an' I didn't know none. Thankee, ma'am."

He bent to the shovel, and Catharine walked back toward the cabin.



The next morning Jim hitched up the road-cart and Catharine drove back a mile to the place where she had directed Solomon to meet her. There she found three agitated people waiting. Mary and Dugald Watson had come along with Solomon.

Twenty yards from them she pulled up, and when Mary started forward she waved her back.

"I've just come out of a smallpox house," she explained, and saw Solomon shrink and shudder.

"But why, Mother, why, why?" demanded Mary, bursting into tears.

"Because there was nobody else to go," said Catharine tartly. "Hush up, Mary. I'm not dead yet, nor likely to be, unless it is the Lord's will; and I couldn't escape that by staying home.

"Now listen to me, all of you. Mary, you and Dugald are not to come down here again. You will be needed at home. You must take charge of everything until I get back.

"Solomon, you get the wagon, and be here this time tomorrow with the list of things I will give you. Stop right where you are now, and unload the things on the side of the road. I will either be here, or I will soon come and get them. I want you to bring me—" and she proceeded with a list of clothing, bed-clothes, food, medicines, candles and other articles, each item clipped off in a dry, matter-of-fact voice. Solomon stared, open-mouthed, but she knew that he missed nothing.

"Now, Dugald and Mary," she said at last, "they tell me that there are twenty cases of smallpox down here. In at least one family every single member is sick, and they are in terrible condition. I left yesterday without saying anything because I knew you would try to persuade me not to come; but I am glad you came today, because I want to urge you to make the girls be sensible. It will be at least a month before I get back home, and you will have to look after everything. I am relying on you, remember; and if you have any messages for me, send them by Solomon.

"Now I have got to go over five miles beyond Jim Berry's place to see the next family, so I'll have to be moving along.

"Remember, Solomon—right here, this time tomorrow."

With that, she gathered up the reins, chirruped to her horse, and was gone, leaving them staring somewhat foolishly at one another.

"Well!" said Solomon, emphatically, breaking the silence at last. "Ain't that Ole Miss, th'u' an' th'u'?"

"But she mustn't stay down there, she mustn't!" wailed Mary.

"Yes'm. But who gwine fetch her out?" asked Solomon, practically.

"We must do something. Dugald. Solomon, think! What can we do?"

"I dunno what you can do, Miss Mary," answered Solomon, "but I know what I gwine do. I gwine get back an' get them things she ast fur. Ef I don't she sho' will nail my hide to de ba'n do'."

Day after day passed, the days slid into weeks, and Grandmaa Whyte walked through the pesthouse of Scuffletown unscathed. With Jim Berry for her guide she visited every stricken family in the region, and many she found in desperate case, for fear had blighted every human instinct in the people, and a house tainted by the plague was promptly abandoned to its fate by the inhabitants of those as yet unsmitten. Wagonload after wagonload of supplies Solomon hauled down to the meeting-place and unloaded by the side of the road. Sometimes she was there to exchange a few words with him at twenty yards' distance; more often Jim Berry, or some other Croatan acted as her deputy, standing immobile until Solomon had unloaded and had driven off a hundred yards or so, then advancing to gather up the supplies.

Grandmaa performed Herculean labors. She cooked, she scrubbed, she washed dishes. She handled the sick in all stages of the disease, bathing them, administering medicine, making their miserable beds as comfortable as she could. Several she "laid out" for burial, and then at the graveside recited a short prayer, while the gravediggers waited respectfully with bowed heads. But at length the epidemic began to wane, and she had received no hurt. At the end of the third week, all those still living were on the road to recovery; then, at last, she instructed Solomon to tell Mary to send her a complete change of clothes the next day, and to set up a bed in one of the Negro cabins which happened to be vacant.

The next day, when Solomon had unloaded, and driven away, she set the bundle of clothing to one side and had Jim and two other Croatans take up the other things and depart with them. Then she stepped into the bushes on the side of the road, changed from head to foot, gathered a pile of leaves and sticks in the middle of the road, dumped her discarded clothes on top, and burned them. Finally, she drove home, and occupied the cabin, where she stayed for two weeks. At the end of the two weeks she had never felt healthier in her life, so she returned to the house.

"But it was too great a risk," said John Monroe to her. "You

shouldn't have done it."

"It was the only way, John," she replied, composedly. "Your father in Christ himself could never reach those people, although Heaven knows he tried. You couldn't reach them. Least of all could I reach them until this opportunity came. It was the hand of Providence, lad. Within another week, the danger will have passed, and before I left they had all promised to come down to Fairley's Ford next Sunday to hear you preach.

"The work must go on, John. I promised him it would, you know."



For the two weeks she spent in her voluntary quarantine there was nothing she could do. They sent her meals down from the house, so, perforce, she had two weeks of perfect rest and quiet. She was amazed at the way she could sleep—the clock around every night, and frequently for an hour or two during the day—and she began to fear a little that some long-suppressed streak of laziness was coming out in her at last. Would she ever be able to do a really honest day's work again, after idling for so long?

But when at length she returned to the house she realized more keenly than ever before that for some reason past finding out the Lord had chosen to heap blessings upon her head. Not only had He brought her through the epidemic in perfect health, but He had restored her to a world more pleasant to live in than she had ever seen it before. Spring came early to the country that year—the swift, scented Carolina spring, that drugs the senses with beauty. When Catharine came back to her family, the orchard was foaming with apple-blossoms, the woods that had been bare a day or two before were misted with green, and the rows of jonquils that edged the front walk shouted for attention through a thousand pale gold trumpets. As she walked about the yard, she seemed to feel the throbbing of life in every blade and leaf; she thought she understood why the cat-bird who alighted on a willow twig that dipped and swayed under him, seemed resolved upon nothing less than then and there to burst his lungs, so madly did he sing; and she sympathized with the puppy that, in pursuit of some imaginary game, whirled and spun and flipped over and over, apparently trying to throw himself away; and with certain honey-bees, intent and assiduous, overwhelmed with the riches which they found ready for the taking.

At Fairley's Ford the next Sunday afternoon she found it difficult to fix her mind on John's sermon to the Croatans. He had seldom preached better, yet again and again her mind and her eyes wandered to the purple masses of the wild iris at the water's edge. He was bringing the word of life to these people, yet she kept thinking how gracefully one branch of a black-gum sapling on the opposite bank dipped down to the water, and how magnificent was the great cypress beside it, shooting its silver-gray column to an immense height, there to break into a froth of delicate twigs and needles against the sky. She even regarded the current of Drowning Creek and found herself reflecting that, although it was stained, it was not muddy; dip up a tumblerful of it, or a bucketful of it, and it would seem crystal clear; it was dark only because it was deep; at the bottom were snow-white gravel and golden sand. It was a clean, honest stream—no filth in it, no pollution, nothing but cold, sweet water. And the pine forest that formed a semi-circle back of the landing stood like a circle of tall grenadiers at attention, erect, strong, reliable. They made ships' masts of those trees, and many thousands of them had borne the brunt of typhoons in the China Sea, and of the gales that lash the Hebrides, and of the fearful storms that howl around the Horn—had taken the worst of it without yielding and had brought their mariners safe home again. Who could but feel a sense of comfort in their strength, here in the forest?

The forest, the stream, the land that bore them—it was a good world in which to live. Not Scotland, to be sure, but still a beautiful world, a generous and splendid world.

The old song, so often on Donald Whyte's lips, rose in her mind, and she caught herself humming:

*"Canaibh do'n Tighearn' oran nuadh,
gach aon tir, canaibh dha,"*

O, sing a new song to the Lord—sing all the earth to God, when a sudden realization of where she was smote her and she started guiltily, glancing around fearfully to see if any of the congregation had noted her scandalous conduct. But the Croatans were all watching John Monroe with grave, attentive faces, and, relieved, she settled back to attend to the sermon.



She had been nearly ten years a widow, when an eloquent and persuasive stranger came into the community, and hot talk, especially among the young men, followed his coming. The stranger was from South Carolina and he bore to the ears of the Spring Hill Scots a moving tale of injuries, oppressions and outrages inflicted upon his native State by the arrogant and abusive North. The North, it appeared, was bent upon the destruction of South Carolina. All her peaceable protests had gone for naught, or had been turned to derision, until the South Carolinians, goaded to desperation, could endure no more. They were resolved at last to die in defense of their rights, and the persuasive stranger was there to inquire how many brave lads were willing to strike a blow for freedom beside the gallant gentlemen of South Carolina, if, as seemed all too likely, the illiterate, half-crazy savage then occupying the office of President of the United States, actually lifted his hand against the State.

It was a romantic appeal, and it gained a great response especially among the more restless and hot-headed. They talked about it incessantly among themselves. They talked about it to the older people, most of whom were much too ill-informed on national politics to understand the quarrel at all. They talked with Grandmaa Whyte about it, or, rather, they talked at her, for she said nothing. They talked to preacher Monroe and he, none too old himself, withheld advice.

Finally one day he came to Grandmaa. The young men, he said, were looking to him for guidance as, indeed, they had every right to look; and he was ashamed not to be able to speak out clearly. Still, he felt that the thing was too deep for him.

Mr. Calhoun's case, it was true, seemed to be perfect; and yet to advise young men to do anything that might lead them into war was a terrible thing.

"Mr. Calhoun," said Grandmaa, "seems to be always for war. I remember he was for war in 1812, and I remember poor Henry Rutledge. Still, John, the men of Scotland have aye been fighters; and I would not have them submit to tyranny. Is this General Jackson likely to send his soldiers upon us?"

"No, he isn't threatening us," said John. "It is only South Carolina that has adopted Nullification. But they are our neighbors and friends, you know."

"So they are," said Grandmaa thoughtfully. "And yet it is they, not we, who have quarreled with this General Jackson. I believe in

being neighborly, John, but I don't quite see how this concerns us."

"The question is, shall we make it our concern?" said John.

"Um-m-m," said Grandmaa. "Well, as to that, John, remember the Bible says, 'He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.' And that is no way to grab a dog, John, no way at all!"

John Monroe smiled, and went away thoughtful. The next Sunday he read the President's proclamation from his pulpit, and preached from the text Grandmaa Whyte had quoted. Two or three young fellows, but not many, slipped across the border; and when these, the war having evaporated, returned sheepishly a month later the others were glad they had never gone.



When Anna married Peter Connelly, Grandmaa's faith was sorely tried. She had nothing whatever against Peter. He was a godly lad, already strongly inclined toward the ministerial career which he afterward adopted and pursued faithfully for many years. But—Connelly! Only to her daughter Mary did Grandmaa unburden her mind.

"I know that the Irish are just as much God's children as we are," she said plaintively, "and I reckon it's un-Christian pride that makes me feel the way I do. But why couldn't she have taken Duncan MacPhatter instead?"

But her spirit was not altogether quenched, even by this calamity. On the day of the wedding she said to Mary, brightly,

"After all, it's not as if she were marrying a Dev'ny or a D'boyce. The Irish do speak a kind of Gaelic."

Nevertheless, the marriage of Rebecca to a MacGougan seemed to her a distinctly more auspicious occasion, and when Euphemia began to show a decided partiality for Charles Livingston, Grandmaa was much relieved. Livingston was a sound Scottish name.



However, she had no real ground for complaint. Her sons-in-law were good boys, upright and industrious, to a man. To each daughter, as she married, Grandmaa gave an exactly equal portion of the estate; yet, as the years passed, and settlers poured into the country,

the value of her own holdings rose enough to balance the lopping off. She remained a woman of substance, even after they were settled in their own homes.

Grandmaa was amazed by the rate at which her grandchildren grew. It seemed but a few months from the time when Donald Whyte Watson christened her "Grandmaa" until the time when he was a rangy youth, frequently out all night with his 'possum hounds, and developing into a famous rifle-shot. And then, as it seemed to her, in a twinkling she was surrounded with young things, some of them amazingly tall, and Donald, in particular, overtopping her by many inches.

Some of them were in her house incessantly, and, indeed, it was a convenience to have them there, since she was so often absent. Solomon, getting into late middle age now, needed no direction in the management of the field hands and everything pertaining to the land, but he liked to have some white person to whom he could make his reports; and in fact all the Negroes liked to see the young people running in and out, and reveled in the bustle and gayety they brought to the place.

They were a bookish lot, these descendants of Grandmaa — much too bookish, said some of the neighbors, sniffing. Grandmaa had kept every one of her girls in school as long as the academy had anything to offer them; and each mother insisted that her own children must go further than she had gone. Therefore the members of the tribe were characterized by a respect for books that seemed silly, if not downright wicked to their neighbors who considered a boy sufficiently educated when he could figure his accounts with the storekeeper. But they went their own way, regardless of neighborhood opinion. Grandmaa had settled it.

"Your Grandpa Whyte studied all his life," she said to some of the boys, restive at being kept in school when the squirrel-hunting was fine. "You'll never know as much as he did, but you must do the best you can. He believed in books, child, and he *knew*."

So that was that.

John Monroe came to her one day, troubled in spirit. There was a division of opinion among the elders on the subject of novel-reading. Most of them regarded it as morally enervating, and many of them looked upon it as wicked. Where was any Scriptural sanction for it to be found? No practice not directly or indirectly supported by the Bible could be indulged by godly people, in their opinion. Therefore they called on John Monroe for a ruling.

Grandmaa Whyte's grandchildren were conspicuous instances. They were avidly devouring the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Their conversation was filled with references to his characters, and the smaller ones' games were largely based on episodes in his books. No one could doubt that the author of "Waverly" had become one of the most potent influences in their lives, and as to whether this was permissible, John Monroe frankly was in doubt. Therefore he consulted Grandmaa.

"Have you read the books of Sir Walter, John?" she inquired.

Well, he had looked into the one called "Ivanhoe", and it had seemed entirely moral, if rather exciting for a growing boy.

"Oh, that!" said Grandmaa, with something very much like a sniff. "That's all about the English. Have you read any of the stories about Scotland?"

No, John hadn't.

"Well, read them. He's a grand writer, John. It can't hurt the children to read anything about Scotland that is so fine. I don't think much of novel-reading, either, if it's silly love-stories you are reading. But the books of Sir Walter aren't common novels, John. They are about Scotland."

"Well," said John, "I wish all the deacons could see it that way."

"I wish all the deacons would read Sir Walter," said Grandmaa spiritedly, "and then they would see it. But if they are determined to have Scripture, there's plenty. 'Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.' Quote that to them, John."

John smiled.

"I doubt that I'll need to," he said. "If I tell them you say it's all right, most of them will say no more."



The years dropped away and the grandchildren grew like bottom-land corn in August. Mr. Polk, born in North Carolina, was President, and people talked politics a great deal more than they used to. The arrogance of the North continued and increased, but Mr. Polk was a sturdy upholder of the rights of the South, and there was little real uneasiness. Much more important than the disputes between the States was the trouble in Texas, which was plainly coming to a head. John Monroe prayed in church for the President of the United States that he might lead the nation into peace and amity with all

the world, but after the service men shook their heads. There was a limit to what the most peaceable President might do, and the Mexicans seemed determined to push Mr. Polk beyond that limit.

Then the war was on. But it was a war very far away, almost like a war on the other side of the world, and its echoes penetrated but faintly to Spring Hill. They were faint, that is, until one day when Mary burst in upon Grandmaa. Mary was pale, wild-eyed, breathless, and her appearance startled Grandmaa before she opened her mouth to gasp,

"He's gone, Grandmaa, he's gone!"

"Who? Where?" said Grandmaa. "Pull yourself together, child, and tell me what you are talking about."

"My son. Donald. My poor little boy. He wasn't in his room this morning. This note. He's gone to join the army."

Mary flung herself on her knees, buried her face in Grandmaa's lap, and burst into wild sobbing.

"Now, Mary. Now, Mary. Don't take on so, Mary!" commanded Grandmaa, appalled by the hysteria in Mary's sobs. "My land, how you scared me! I thought something awful had happened to the boy."

"But it is awful!" wailed Mary. "Think, Grandmaa—the army! The war! The Mexicans! Oh, my boy, my boy, why did you do it? I'll never see you again, I'll never see you again!"

"And a good thing if you don't, if that's the way you are going to carry on!"

Grandmaa's voice was steely. Mary gasped as if ice-water had been thrown in her face, and sat back on her heels, astonished.

"Be ashamed of yourself, girl," Grandmaa went on, in the same cold, level tones. "You, the mother of a man-child, blubbering like a baby because the man has gone out to war! Donald is twenty years old, and the best rifle-shot in the county. If the lad has any spirit, where would you expect him to be when the country is at war? Skulking around at home with the women and the old men? Well, I should hope not! The boy is a true Scot. His grandfather would have been proud of him this day, and you will shame yourself if you are not proud of him, too."

Grandmaa rose to her feet.

"Come, now," she said. "Have you even thought of what he is likely to need? We must get together some things to send him—socks, mittens, a blanket or two, some money. Come, Mary," she stretched out a hand to her still kneeling, still dumb daughter. And

as Mary got awkwardly to her feet, Grandmaa smiled and suddenly began to sing in a high, strained voice:

"The great Argyll he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannon roar;
With sound of trumpet, fife and drum,
And banners waving in the sun,
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!
The Campbells are comin' from bonny Loch Lomond,
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!"

But Grandmaa prayed fervently, more fervently than was her wont before she went to bed that night, and she lay long awake, thinking. And Solomon, who used to go to Shoe Heel for the mail on Wednesdays and Fridays found himself deprived of the job. Grandmaa always went herself now. She subscribed for newspapers and somewhere she got maps of Mexico which she studied intently for hours. Her nightmares began to be haunted by a monstrous, one-legged ogre, of indescribable shape, but quite definitely named Santa Anna. A new and curious nomenclature became current in the conversation of the countryside—Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey. Presently Zachary Taylor was a name to conjure with.

And all this time Donald was still in the United States. His command was moved from one army post to another, occasionally, but his letters continued to come back with fair regularity, and Grandmaa had the supreme pleasure of sending him packages from time to time and of knowing that some of them reached him.

Then it was announced that General Winfield Scott had taken command of an expedition to Vera Cruz, and a little chill shot through Grandmaa's heart when her eye fell upon the name. She remembered young Henry Rutledge and a man, suddenly grown old, sitting with his hands clasped on the top of his cane and gazing away into the distance, over a wide field. "Colonel Scott wrote a very fine letter. It has made us proud of—of Henry—" O merciful God, don't let General Scott have to write another letter, this time to Mary!

Donald's command was included in the Vera Cruz expedition. So much they learned, and no more. Week after week of silence dragged by. Month slipped after silent month. No news. Grandmaa's

visits to the postoffice continued regularly, but she had lost hope of seeing a letter. No news. The whole long winter dragged by. No news. Then suddenly a clamor of cannon burst from the South and seemed that it would never cease. General Scott had bombarded Vera Cruz and had taken the city; the Mexican losses were said to be frightful, ours unreported. Cerro Gordo was fought and Santa Anna beaten—our losses five hundred men. Contreras—the Mexican losses two thousand men, ours only half as great. Cherubusco—we lost a thousand men, but won a great victory. Molino del Ray—we lost only a few hundred. Chapultepec, the great fortress protecting the capital—we had taken it by storm and the fighting was desperate but the place was ours. Mexico City and the war was obviously over. All that remained was the arrangement of the peace terms.

The country exulted over a brilliant, a magnificent campaign, one that added new laurels to American military history, and the name of Winfield Scott took rank alongside that of Zachary Taylor. Grandmaa heard the men talk and she smiled and assented. She heard John Monroe preach from the text, "They cried to God in the battle, and he was intreated of them; because they put their trust in him," and she said that it was a fine sermon and very appropriate. But her mind was not with the rejoicing patriots. Her mind was on the long road from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec, the endless bloody trail that Winfield Scott had left littered with his dead. For there was no news from Donald.

News came at last in the shape of Donald himself. But what a Donald—a wasted rack of bones, with the hospital pallor under the tan of the tropics, and a pitiful stump all that remained of his left leg! A cannon-ball at Cherubusco had carried it away. This Donald explained in passing, but what really impressed him, and what he continued to talk about, was the coolness and skill of the regimental surgeon, who had performed the amputation on the field, actually under fire of the Mexican guns. This was, to Donald's mind, the climactic achievement of the whole war, and he talked about it for thirty years.

At the hospital they had fitted Donald with a stout wooden post, with a brass ferrule at the bottom; and a few weeks after he got home he was able to stump about a bit. With the passage of time he grew more and more expert. After a year or two, not only was he able to swing along over ground at a surprising rate, but he learned to execute an incredible sort of clog-dance. It was not long before the dancing of Peg-Leg Watson became one of the features of every con-

vivial gathering for miles around. Donald was very convivial. Not unnaturally, he felt that he had done his duty by the country in the Mexican War. Most people agreed with him at first, but their enthusiasm melted as the years revealed that Peg-Leg apparently had no intention of ever doing anything else. Picking the banjo and calling the figures at all the dances, giving an occasional exhibition on the floor himself, and telling endless tales of Mexico and the war, were the extent of his labors thereafter. He grew overfond of his bottle, too, and it became no uncommon thing for him to be brought home drunk after a dance. His father stormed and his mother wept, but Peg-Leg went his way. Grandmaa undertook to talk to him once, but he glanced at her with a curious glint in his eye, and said,

“On the road up from Vera Cruz, Grandmaa, I decided that if I got out of that thing alive I was going to have my fun while I could.”

Suddenly it came home to Grandmaa that this boy had looked on that which it is not good for a man to see. The blood-stained road, littered with corpses under the tropical sun, had given Donald a great disrespect for life and death. That cannon-ball at Cherubusco had carried away more than his leg—it had carried away the two hedges of fears that fence most of us into the straight and narrow way—the fear of death, and the more overpowering fear of life. The worst had already happened to Donald, and he feared no more. Grandmaa realized with a shudder that he didn’t even fear God.

Well, she would not irritate him by nagging. She developed a tolerance for Donald that made people wonder. After all, if he was worthless, at least he was merry. She, too, had once been merry, and there was still something in her that responded to the gay and careless veteran. If it had not been for Donald Whyte, she reflected, she also might have been as worthless as this scapegrace grandson. So Peg-Leg found favor in his strait-laced grandmother’s eyes, and the neighbors wondered.



The century had left its half-way mark only a little over a year behind when Charles, Euphemia’s husband, died. Poor Euphemia! The gentlest, most sweet-spirited of all the girls, she seemed to Grandmaa to be the predestined victim of calamity. There was no rebound in Euphemia. Whatever befell, she suffered silently, passively. She was left with four small children, a baby girl and three

boys, ranging in age from five to eleven; and Euphemia was obviously never designed by nature to be the active head of a household.

But in the months that followed Charles' death, Grandmaa could not help comparing Euphemia's position with that of Duncan MacKay's widow, who had also been left with small children many years before. Big Duncan, however, had been a pioneer, struggling single-handed against the wilderness. Charles had been a member of a clan which was swiftly coming to be a powerful clan. Where the pioneer's death had meant utter catastrophe to his family, the clansman's death meant only personal sorrow.

For all the rest of the clan was instantly at Euphemia's side. Dugald and Peter and Ben MacGougan, the other sons-in-law, in consultation with Grandmaa, immediately took over Charles' business affairs. His farm was in admirable shape, and they found a competent overseer to keep it so. They really had little to do, since Charles had been a splendid husbandman, and his self-appointed executors had only to see that the estate was not frittered away by bad management.

This necessary supervision they undertook as a matter of course, and Grandmaa knew that they would keep it up until the boys were of an age to look after their own interests. There was no danger that Euphemia and her children would ever face want. The family was too solid and too strong for that.

As Euphemia's position was swiftly closed and her worries assumed by others who were far more competent to deal with them, Grandmaa's heart sang within her. The old clannish spirit had been successfully transplanted; already it was a guarantee to every member of the tribe. And she felt an inner glow at the thought that its position would strengthen with the passing of the years. When Euphemia's children, Archibald and Duncan and baby Robbie, were grown to manhood, there would be three more to carry on the tradition of the solidarity of the Campbells.

Already in the new land the clan was strong, and it would become stronger. The work was being carried on. He had not relied on her in vain.



Now the years no longer dropped away, like petals in the garden

at Roseneath. Now they gathered upon Grandmaa, and she felt their burden. Her eye was still clear and her back was still straight, when she came to the Psalmist's term of life. She could still ride, but a gentle old mare was her mount now, and she preferred to drive whenever possible. She was still doctor, nurse, confessor and law-giver to half the county, but long journeys tired her more and more. To the casual observer her face was still singularly youthful, for one must look sharply to see that it was crossed by a thousand tiny lines; but for all her gallant bearing, she was beginning to be an old woman.

Yet she was not ill-content, for by the blessing of the Lord the work had gone on. The descendants of Donald Whyte were established in the community, firmly rooted in American soil, a flourishing clan. When Catharine's gold guineas had been paid over, the tract they bought had been a vast domain in whose lonely reaches two people were quite lost; but now the family had mastered the estate. It still contained great tracts of timber, but the better land was all under tillage, and even the forest stretches felt the touch of husbandry, for some of them were turpentine orchards, producing rosin and tar for the ships down at Wilmington, and all of them were marked and measured, and were regarded, not as hindrances to agriculture, but as valuable property. The wilderness had been conquered and tamed.

The years gathered upon Grandmaa, but she went forward into old age without regret. For it was a noble land which her children's children would inherit – not Scotland, to be sure, nothing like Scotland, indeed, but in its own way a noble land. For one thing, the soil was more generous than that of Argyllshire. Catharine could never have done in fifty years on the banks of the Clyde what she had done on the banks of Drowning Creek. It was already clear that the third generation were to be more than merely prosperous farmers. Their fields were fertile, their Negroes and their horses and their cattle were many. The houses of Catharine's daughters were no such log cabins as the one that had received her and Donald Whyte, but had been built by skilled carpenters of well-planed lumber; and the third generation would build of brick, as had the great gentlemen of Virginia, whose ancestors had arrived in America a century earlier than Donald Whyte. And the bookishness which Grandmaa had instilled in her daughters by keeping them in school regardless of the scorn of the neighbors, was already coming out in the third generation.

There were pianos in the homes along Drowning Creek, and regular visits by a drawing-master, and a French master; and as Grandmaa rounded out her seventy-fifth year, several of her grandsons were in Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina at far-off Chapel Hill.

The years gathered, but what of it? The work had gone on. Donald had not relied on her in vain, and the Lord had been good. The work was well done. Clan Campbell had come into a new inheritance in the new land. When the Lord willed, Grandmaa could depart in peace, having planted for Him a new vineyard.

"Canaibh do'n Tighearn' oran," she hummed — but no, this was America. The old language was going out; let even her praise in the new land be sung in its language.

*"O, sing a new song to the Lord —
Sing all the earth to God."*

There, that was better. Clan Campbell was nothing if not loyal to its land, and America was the land of the new clan. The Gaelic belonged to Scotland; let the Campbells of North Carolina speak English.



But her loyalty did not drive her to the extremity of trying to understand the intricate and incomprehensible politics of the new land. In those early years after the arrival, when President Jefferson had been succeeded by President Madison, the change had seemed as remote as the accession of a new emperor in China. But that was long, long ago. Today, the election of a new President seemed to set the whole country by the ears.

Even in the Spring Hill neighborhood people seemed unable to talk of anything but the probable successor of President Buchanan. To Grandmaa, who had lived under so many Presidents, it seemed hardly propable that one more could make much difference, even if he should be the unspeakable Lincoln, sworn enemy of God and civilization.

And when Lincoln it was, she was unable to share the excitement that followed. After all, Mr. Jefferson had been called an infidel. General Jackson had been a most unholy man. Mr. Buchanan

had been a Pennsylvanian. Since an infidel, a blasphemer and a Yankee had successively held the office, and nothing had happened, why should people be determined to believe that the world was coming to an end, now that Lincoln had been elected? It was a deplorable thing that the country should have voted for such a man, but people should not go crazy over it.

One of the Connelly boys had been elected to the legislature, and he came to talk with John Monroe one day just before he left for Raleigh. And John brought him to see Grandmaa. Before the fire in her sitting room they talked, and talked, all an afternoon. Grandmaa sat knitting and listening to them. John was getting terribly gray, she thought, but what a distinguished air he had! His scholarly, ascetic face was darkened by anxiety today, but except for that he looked amazingly like Donald Whyte on that night when she kept watch over him. Suddenly he turned to her.

"What do you think, Grandmaa?" he asked.

"Me?" inquired Grandmaa, forgetting grammar in her surprise. "What do I know about these things?"

"You may not know much about politics," answered John, smiling, "but I never saw any one who knew right from wrong any better. And Kenneth, here" — he laid his hand affectionately on young Connelly's arm — "is faced with a problem that in his opinion, and in mine, goes far deeper than politics. It is a matter of right and wrong.

"The Legislature is sure to be presented with an ordinance of secession. South Carolina has already adopted one. Kenneth is trying to make up his mind whether to vote for it or against it. He thinks, and he thinks rightly, that in a matter of this importance he must vote as his conscience dictates, not as his constituents wish. But he isn't quite certain just what his conscience dictates."

"That South Carolina again!" sighed Grandmaa. "I do wish those people would be content for a little while. In '33 they wanted to fight General Jackson and now they want to fight Mr. Lincoln. I reckon they'll keep on until they do fight somebody, but I don't see much sense in encouraging them."

"Then you are against the ordinance?" interjected Kenneth.

"I don't know anything about the ordinance," said Grandmaa. "I was just thinking about South Carolina. She is right here at us and we can't get away from her; and I remember the verse of Scripture, 'It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawl-

ing woman and in a wide house.' Only there isn't any housetop we can get to."

Both men laughed.

Then John Monroe spoke seriously, albeit smilingly.

"She has hit it, Kenneth. Vote against the ordinance. A quarrel among these States would be as disgraceful as a family fight, no matter who starts it. Let us not strike the first blow. Let us not strike any blow, until we are actually struck ourselves. If we are forced out of the Union, that is another matter. But let us not go out until we are thrust out."

Kenneth went to Raleigh and voted steadily and consistently for the Union; and was heartily damned for doing it by most of his constituents. A conspicuous exception, however, was Peg-Leg.

"Kenneth is right," said Peg-Leg with conviction. "They've got General Winfield Scott. They may not have any right on their side, they may not have any morals, they may not have any honor. But they've got the old man, and he's enough. Why I remember at Cerro Gordo—"

But nobody paid any attention to Peg-Leg. The Mexican War was ancient history now.



At last, though, even Kenneth had to surrender. President Lincoln called for volunteers to invade the seceded States and bring them under subjection to Washington. This meant, of course, that the iniquitous tariff bill, the cause of all the trouble, would be succeeded by one more iniquitous still. It might mean, also, interference with the Negroes, although Mr. Lincoln was voluble and emphatic on that subject—he had not the slightest intention of interfering with slavery, he was anxious only to preserve the Union. But first, and most important at the moment, it meant that North Carolina must furnish her quota of troops to invade South Carolina, and even the stoutest of Union men could not stomach that. Fight over the tariff? No. Fight over the Negroes? No. But fight South Carolina? No, they would not do that either. South Carolina was making no threat to invade their soil; Mr. Lincoln was. If peace-loving men must fight, they would fight the invader. The legislature passed the responsibility to a convention, and the convention voted unanimously for secession.

When the thing was done, when the ordinance was passed, Kenneth came back to see Grandmaa. To those who had assailed him bitterly for his lack of spirit, he paid no heed; but he felt, somehow, that he must justify himself in her eyes.

"Grandmaa, we were thrust out," he declared.

"Aye, lad, I think so too," said Grandmaa. "You need not blame yourself. The Scotchman who will not resist invasion is a poor Scotchman. If he happened to be born in North Carolina, he must resist invasion of North Carolina, just as a Campbell in the old country would resist invasion of Argyllshire. You are a North Carolinian and a Scotchman, Kenneth. I think you could do no other."

"I'm glad you understand," said Kenneth, simply. "I was afraid you would think I wanted to bring on this war, since I shall have to go now."

"Go where?" asked Grandmaa, quickly.

"Into the army. I had raised a company before the ordinance was passed, and we are to be mustered in day after tomorrow."

"Kenneth," said Grandmaa soberly, "are you sure you aren't letting pride run away with you? Some bitter things were said, I know, but they were said by light-headed people. Are you letting idle gossip drive you into this?"

"Oh, no, Grandmaa," said Kenneth, smiling wryly. "I know what you mean. It got back to me that they were calling me chicken-hearted, lily-livered, putty-faced and I don't know what else when I refused to vote for war in the beginning. But that was the crackling of thorns under a pot. I wouldn't turn over my hand for that. But in the end, you know, I did vote for war. There it is, and you can't get around it. Say what you will, much as I was opposed to it, my vote helped bring it on; and I can't send other men where I won't go myself, you know."

"No," said Grandmaa softly, looking out of a window, "no, you can't do that. You can't do that."

Suddenly she rose up swiftly, crossed to where Kenneth sat, and put both hands on his shoulders. He looked up into her face and was startled. For the first time in his life he saw Grandmaa Whyte's eyes full of tears; but they were glowing, too, glowing with strange fire under the mist that dimmed them, and the hands upon his shoulders gripped him firmly and steadily and her voice, when she spoke, had a quality that somehow matched the glow in her eyes.

"Go, my son, with a quiet mind; and remember 'Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.'"

But when Peg-Leg heard the news he raved.

"It's no job for Kenneth, Grandmaa," he asserted bitterly. Peg-Leg had lost, for once, his normal buoyance, and was morose and fidgety.

"These other rapsCALLIONS, now — Henry and Dunk, and Arch and Malcolm — they can take care of themselves. I mean, they can stand anything and it won't hurt 'em. But Kenneth's not built that way. Kenneth's got a fine mind. You know yourself he's one of the best lawyers in this part of the State, if he's not but twenty-five. And a man with a fine mind oughtn't to be a soldier. Even if he doesn't get hit, the sights and the sounds and the stinks will mark him for life. Dam -dad blame it all, Kenneth ought not to go!"

"Why, Donald," said Grandmaa, surprised, "I didn't know you felt that way about Kenneth."

"Oh, well," said Peg-Leg, a bit sheepishly, "I don't know. I reckon I'm crazy, but somehow it always seemed to me that Kenneth is the hope of this family. I'm no good, and while the rest of the boys are all right, they're just good farmers, and never will be anything else. But Kenneth, now — Kenneth might be any thing. Governor, maybe, or something like that. And now this damned war's got him. Excuse me, Grandmaa."

"Well, for once you were not profane, Donald," said Grandmaa with a thin smile. "All wars are of the devil, and so are most literally damned."

"But don't worry about Kenneth, my boy. The things you are afraid of won't touch him. He has a fine character, and like the Hebrew children he will come out of this furnace without even the smell of fire on him

"And I'll tell you another thing, Donald — he is something better than Governor right now. He is a man who is doing his duty without fear and without fuss; and to be a man like that is far, far better than to be Governor."



Kenneth had quietly recruited his company over in Robeson County before the war began. All that had to be done was to muster it in when the Governor called for men; so Kenneth was gone before the community had actually realized the fact of the war. But

Grandmaa's other grandsons followed swiftly — as Peg-Leg had said, Henry, Duncan, Archibald and Malcolm volunteered within a week after Kenneth marched away, although Archibald and Malcolm were only nineteen. Even the younger boys were restless, but parental authority was still strong enough to hold them in line.

And so the countryside settled to the struggle. The land swarmed with requisitioning officers, who seized many of the best horses and mules, and quantities of foodstuffs. United States ships promptly appeared off the mouth of the Cape Fear River and bottled up the port of Wilmington, although they could make no impression on Fort Fisher, guarding the harbor mouth. The women and girls organized the work of making bandages and knitting socks, and the men who remained parcelled out the field work and arranged to make up for the lack of livestock by cooperating in the use of those animals that were left.

This meant that Grandmaa was busier than she had ever been before in all her long life. It was not only that no one else in the community was as clever an organizer, but that everyone had for so long been accustomed to rely on her counsel and judgment that now nothing could be regarded as finally settled until Grandmaa had been consulted; so they came to her with every imaginable problem, and called on her in every sort of need.

The two doctors who had settled in the community were promptly swept into the army, so that Grandmaa's nursing skill was more than ever in demand; and she dragged out and put into use again the old saddle-bags which had lain disused for years. Once again her figure became familiar to travelers on half the highways of the county at all hours of the day and night. In place of the road-cart, she had now a chaise, whose leather springs were easier on old bones; although to see her, sitting bolt upright and driving with a firm, although not a tight, rein, gave no one the impression that she asked or needed favors.

As far as the farm work was concerned, she was relieved, and from an unexpected quarter. No sooner had the older boys cleared out as the armies concentrated in Virginia than Peg-Leg came over and assumed command. Solomon was very old now, no longer able to supervise the field hands; but the wisdom he had garnered from the seasons he poured out to Peg-Leg, and the ne'er-do-well developed a surprising capacity to get work out of the hands. Indeed, Peg-Leg was doing marvelously, for as 1861 faded out, so did his father, and with Peg-Leg's only brother, Henry, in the army the

crippled veteran had to take over the management of that place. Nevertheless, the increase of his responsibilities seemed to increase his efficiency. He conducted his own place and Grandmaa's too, and did both well. Later, when his uncle, Ben MacGougan, went down to the salt-works where he remained for the rest of the war, Peg-Leg took over that farm also.

In the beginning, Grandmaa feared that her greatest problem was to be comprised in her four daughters, but she did them less than justice. Mary saw Henry off smiling, and Grandmaa applauded, although it was a smile which tore her heart more than had Mary's wild weeping when Donald had gone, fifteen years before. Anna was resolutely cheerful about Kenneth, and talked constantly of the impending fall of Washington, the impending intervention of Great Britain, or of some other happy event sure to bring the war to a swift and triumphant close. Rebecca let Malcolm go quietly, and thereafter refused to talk about the war. But Euphemia was hard hit, with Duncan and Archibald both in the army. She went about dumbly, but there was a look in her eyes which sometimes frightened Grandmaa; and she frequently glanced at her remaining son, Robbie, fifteen years old, with a dreadful surmise in her glance. Still she said nothing; but she worked, and worked and worked, with a dumb desperation that revealed more plainly than words how she was working to stave off thought.



Early in 1862 Grandmaa celebrated her eightieth birthday by swearing off coffee. Her first step toward Americanization had been the substitution of coffee for tea; and for fifty years she had found solace and comfort in it. But at eighty she quit it. She had to. There was no more coffee. The United States ships were investing Wilmington more closely all the time. Blockade runners slid through from time to time, but what little coffee they brought was promptly impounded for the hospitals. There was none for the civilian population, none for Grandmaa Whyte. Some people made substitutes of parched corn, parched acorns, all sorts of substances with a fancied resemblance to the coffee-bean. But not Grandmaa. When the coffee ran out, she refused to try to deceive herself.

"If I must do without it, I can do without it," she said. "Why tell myself there is something that can take its place, and so, instead of

being disappointed once, be disappointed every day?"

Before the end of the year she had abandoned wheat bread for the same reason. There was wheat, indeed, but not in the neighborhood of Spring Hill. The wheat fields began in the hills a hundred miles to the west, and there was no form of transportation by which the grain might be brought down. All the railway equipment available had long since been taken over by the military, and such wheat as could be moved went to the army.

"But cornbread is much more digestible," said Grandmaa. "We should all be better off if we ate nothing else." t

In the late summer and early fall chills and fever worked havoc through the countryside, and Grandmaa's best efforts as a nurse made little headway, for there was no more quinine. The United States ships off Wilmington were stopping medical supplies as well as everything else. Grandmaa's saddlebags she filled with roots and dried herbs again, and for some drugs she was able to devise substitutes, but she had no substitute for quinine.

She did the best she could, but in spite of all she could do malaria played havoc in the neighborhood, and the supplies of bandages and socks and shirts that the women turned out dwindled materially.

Peter Connelly was serving as a chaplain with the army in the West, so Grandmaa was now sole head of the clan; and the responsibility she found a greater weight than all the material hardships.

But she shouldered it resolutely. The work went on.



Henry was the first to fall. He was stationed at Fort Fisher, and a splinter of shell got him during a bombardment in the fall of 1862. Mary bore up very well.

"From the first I never expected to see him again," she said, simply and quietly, when Grandmaa got to her.

"I am glad his father was spared this," she added, after a moment, and then got up to bring Grandmaa a glass of cool water, fresh from the well.

Grandmaa was silent, eyeing Mary narrowly. What was there so strange about the girl today? Was she going to break presently? No, there was no flicker of madness in her steady, clear eyes, no twitching of the fingers or of the corners of the mouth, no lack of strength

in the pale, composed face, none of the hysteria of fifteen years ago, when Donald had run away to the war in Mexico.

Now that she was a widow, her elder son a cripple, her other son dead, she was far steadier than she had been when she had every reason for pride and hope. Yet something was changed.

Suddenly it flashed upon Grandmaa — Mary was today definitely an old woman. Her face was set in planes and angles which Grandmaa knew instinctively would never change until they laid her in her coffin. Her throat was sinewy, and leading from under the chin to the larynx, two small, parallel tendons rose like whip-cord under the skin. O, yes, there was plenty of strength in Mary, but it was the strength of the aged, whom life has wrung dry of emotion, who are done with joy and fear, with triumph and hope and grief. Mary would keep on living, perhaps for many years, but life was behind her now. At nearly eighty-one Grandmaa knew that she was the younger woman, and her heart froze at the thought. She went back home counting the young Mary among the war's dead.



At Christmas time Kenneth came home on furlough, and Grandmaa's heart leaped up when he strode into her sitting-room. He too was aged by a good ten years. His face was lined and his mouth had tightened; but his back was as straight as a young sapling, and his movements had the swift, definite assurance of the capable officer. Peg-Leg was there, and at Kenneth's entrance he scrambled out of his chair and stood as nearly at attention as his wooden leg would permit. Grandmaa understood that he did it only half in fun, for she felt the same impulse herself. It did not require the major's uniform to convince anyone that here was a man accustomed to command, and one who would exact and obtain instant obedience.

But when he smiled, he was the old Kenneth again — no, not quite the old one, but a stronger and finer Kenneth. The earnest, but dreadfully green young Captain of a year and a half ago, had been through the fire, but had suffered no change save to be tempered into fine steel. His eyes were clear and his hand was steady, and the very sight of him set Grandmaa's Campbell blood dancing as it had not danced in many, many years.

"What a pity he wears that gray!" she murmured to herself. "What

an honor he would have been to the tartan!"

When he had gone, she turned to Peg-Leg.

"What did I tell you?" she demanded. "Not the smell of fire on him."

"Good officer," returned Peg-Leg, unabashed. "But don't forget, he didn't have General Winfield Scott to fight. Since the old man was too feeble to take the field, maybe Kenneth and his crowd have a chance, after all."



With the new year came the news that Archibald was taken. In a little skirmish he had received a ball through the leg, and his command had been driven back, leaving him helpless on the ground. Euphemia's face lighted at the news. He was out of it now, and after all Kenneth had roundly declared that the stories of the Yankees murdering their prisoners of war were all bosh. True, dreadful tales were coming back from the military prison at Elmira, but there was a chance that Archibald, a wounded man, would not be sent to that hell-hole. Altogether, Euphemia felt, for the first time since the war began, that God was merciful. Grandmaa chided her for her lack of faith, but gently. Indeed, Grandmaa herself felt that anything that relieved the strain on Euphemia was a special favor of Providence.

So it was with a somewhat quieter mind that she turned to the problems of 1863 at home. They were serious enough, in all conscience. Not only had coffee, tea and quinine completely disappeared, but sugar and salt were fast following them into the limbo of unattainable things. Prices were mounting with terrific speed, and the blockade runners could move but little of the cotton in mountain piles on the wharves at Wilmington. The salt works down on the coast sent up a scanty supply of bad salt, and the sorghum fields might be relied on to furnish syrup which must do in place of sugar. But other things also were disappearing, things for which there were no substitutes. Paper and glass, for instance, were rarely to be had at any price, and Grandmaa was amazed by the frequency with which these articles seemed to be required, now that they could no longer be procured.

Iron, too, had almost attained the value of a precious metal. Had Grandmaa been asked at any earlier period of her life, she would

have said without hesitation that the place might easily get along a year without purchasing a pound of iron. But now she knew better. A blacksmith shop had been established many years before, and Peg-Leg by some mysterious means had made himself into a pretty fair smith. Besides, there were two Negroes on the farm skilled in the art of Tubal Cain. But without metal what could they do? And it seemed to Grandmaa that never a day passed now without at least a minor accident involving some of the tools—an axle snapped, a trace-chain parted, a plowshare struck a tough root and the point broke off, or if nothing more serious occurred a hoe-hand smashed his implement. The calls upon the smithy were incessant, and while Peg-Leg and his men performed marvels of welding and tempering and reshaping old scrap-iron into new implements, the time was plainly coming when they would be unable to meet the demands upon them. The horses and mules were already clumsily and poorly shod, because there was no proper metal for new shoes.

As February brought the day to start spring plowing, another difficulty presented itself. The requisitioning officers had seized so much of the stock that the draft animals left were unequal to the task. Only the poorer had been spared, and nearly all the horses and mules were too old and weak to do a maximum day's work. Peg-Leg soon found that he could not hope to cultivate anything like the area he had had under the plow the preceding year. To undertake it, he realized, would be to kill his mules without accomplishing anything. Reluctantly, therefore, he decided to allow the fields farthest from the house to lie fallow. For the rest, he concentrated on food and feed-stuffs, corn, sweet potatoes, peas, oats, even a little wheat. Although cotton was bringing fabulous prices in London, he resisted the temptation to plant much of it. It might be true that the war could not last more than a few months longer. It might be true that the North was sick of fighting, and that one more blow would bring it to its knees. But all the same, London was a long way, and Admiral Buchanan hadn't quite broken the blockade with the ironclad Virginia. The Wilmington wharves were heaped with cotton. Peg-Leg stuck to something he, and his mules, could eat.

Grandmaa listened to his reasoning, approved it, and wondered at the curious way men respond to the strains of life. Here was Peg-Leg, in times of peace and plenty worthless if ever a man was, suddenly become the mainstay of the family. He hadn't been drunk since Sumter fell. If he took a drink at all, it was only on rare occasions when a particularly hard day in the fields had left him too exhausted

to eat or sleep, and his dram was purely a therapeutic measure; and as for idling, Grandmaa's only fear now was that he would work himself to death.

"Donald," she said to him one day, "sometimes I think you are the best patriot of us all. You certainly are doing most to win the war."

He looked at her curiously.

"Patriot!" he snorted. "Not I. Grandmaa, just between you and me and the gate-post, the only thing that would give me more pleasure than helping to hang Lincoln would be to help hang Jeff Davis alongside of him. Their Confederate States and their United States both make me sick. But Kenneth and the other boys are out there now, and we can't let 'em starve. It doesn't make a bit of difference who wins this war, Kenneth and the other boys are going to lose it — I mean the Yankee soldiers, as well as ours. No, I'm no patriot. I just haven't got the heart to let soldiers go hungry, if I can help it."

Well, thought Grandmaa, in this case we'll take the deed for the will. But she said nothing.



Archibald had been sent to Elmira, after all, and the dreadful wail that had been coming from that place of torment now rang in his mother's ears by night and by day. All the stories she had heard of the sufferings of Confederate prisoners confined there now returned to her one by one, and each lacerated her mind afresh. Whenever Grandmaa went to see her, Euphemia would begin to recount them. She tried not to. She tried desperately not to believe them, not to think of them, but whenever Grandmaa came Euphemia would presently find herself referring to some account of the brutality of the guards at Elmira, of the cynical refusal of the North to supply medical attention to wounded men, not to mention clothing and blankets for the prisoners held in that bitter climate. She had heard how rascally contractors even stole most of the poor food-supply the Northern Government allowed its prisoners of war. She knew about the over-crowding, the indescribable filth, the pestilences that were sweeping away the unfortunates by hundreds. Grandmaa tried to break the effect of these horrible tales, but without much success, perhaps because she knew how well-authenticated most of them were.

Anna and Rebecca tried to comfort Euphemia, too, Rebecca by refusing to talk about the war, and Anna by talking about nothing else, but talking in the impersonal way of a chief of the general staff. Anna was an expert on strategy, and she was perfectly certain that the endless horror was now drawing toward the last act. The North, in two years of fighting, bloody beyond all precedence, had accomplished nothing. The Peninsular Campaign had been a flat failure. Vicksburg was still holding out manfully. Now the Army of Northern Virginia, hitherto acting on the defensive, was obviously gathering itself together for a stupendous plunge straight at the throat of the North. It would be the *coup de grace*. Once its own soil became the field of combat the morale of the North would crumble swiftly. Who could say? Perhaps before mid-summer, certainly before the end of the year, Jeb Stuart's gray-clad troopers might be whirling through the streets of Elmira itself, come to the rescue of their tortured countrymen.

In any case, it could not be long—only a little while, now, and it would all be over.

Anna seemed to comfort Euphemia, and Grandmaa was glad. But as for herself—well, she liked to hear Anna talk, but she was eighty-two, now, and she had seen many bright hopes fade, many well-laid plans “gang all agley.” But if her chatter did Euphemia good, then God be thanked for Anna!

But one bright day in May, when all the land was drugged with the warmth and scent of Spring, Euphemia came to see Grandmaa, and at sight of her terrible face a cry escaped from Grandmaa's lips, “Archibald!”

“No, not Archibald,” said Euphemia in a toneless voice. “Robbie—my baby!” And she crumpled on the floor in a dead faint.

Pictures of a dozen hideous deaths that might have overtaken Robbie floated through Grandmaa's mind while everybody in the house worked frantically to bring Euphemia back to consciousness. But when she was restored sufficiently to explain it appeared that Robbie wasn't dead at all. He had simply bolted—run away to the army. The note he had written in his round, school-boy hand, and left behind, explained that he had gone to take Archibald's place.

It was dreadful enough, to be sure, but after the scare she had had, Grandmaa was inclined to be a bit testy with Euphemia. And this, instead of crushing her completely, rather braced her up, so that after awhile she left for home in much better spirits.

But Grandmaa, left alone, grew more and more despondent.

Robbie, not quite sixteen — what had he to do with the business of organized murder? Well, it had them all now — Kenneth, poor Henry, Archibald, Duncan, Malcolm and now little Robbie. And Donald, too — war had had him, and had thrown him back contemptuously, maimed and broken. All Donald Whyte's grandsons it had gathered into its iron grip, all Clan Campbell was among the spears. Where was the work of Donald Whyte's life now, the fruit of his high aspiration, his courage, his faith and devotion? He had come to win this land to the Prince of Peace, and he had supplied it with men-at-arms. He had wished to break unto this people the Bread of Life, and his children's children were now gone out to feed the guns. The text of a stern sermon by John Monroe drifted into her mind: "What profit hath a man of all his labor, which he taketh under the sun?"

Grandmaa fell to weeping softly.



One of Peg-Leg's most difficult problems was that of keeping the mill going. Old Simon had long since died, a freeman, and his son, although a steady enough worker, had not inherited his father's cleverness. Where old Simon had turned his hand to anything without hesitation, and had usually managed to do whatever it was pretty successfully, young Simon, with much better training, was hesitant and distrustful of himself. His status as a free Negro seemed to oppress, rather than inspire him. He seemed to feel that he had no assured place in the world, and he slunk through life apologetically, almost furtively.

The result was that although he knew how to operate the mill, and did operate it very well while everything went smoothly, at the first hint of trouble he would shut down, and go posting off looking for some higher authority. In consequence, the mill again and again stood idle half a day while young Simon was searching for Grandmaa or Peg-Leg to report that some minor attachment had broken, or some fresh adjustment had to be made.

But as the war wore into its third year, the inefficiency of the mill was less and less attributable to Simon. The machinery was wearing out, and there was no chance of replacing it. The sawmill, especially, was in bad shape, because the demand for lumber was enormous — not in the neighborhood, where building had practically ceased, but

from outside. The army seemed to be consuming vast quantities of lumber. What the soldiers did with it, Grandmaa could not imagine, but the calls for it were incessant, and the sawmill was kept running whenever there was a sufficient head of water to drive it. When the stones of the grist-mill wore smooth, Peg-Leg and Simon contrived to resharpen them, after a fashion; but the manufacture of new saws was beyond them. Nevertheless, somehow the impossible was accomplished and the mill was kept running. It was Peg-Leg's determination that did it, for he foresaw that with the short crop he was making this year, the revenue from the mill would be the salvation of the estate.



Grandmaa was down at the mill one day, consulting with Peg-Leg and Simon about some detail when a neighbor, returning from Shoe Heel, stopped to hand her a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. Grandmaa paled as she received it, for letters addressed in unfamiliar hands these days usually meant terrible news.

And so did this one. It was from a man who had escaped from Elmira into Canada and had somehow worked his way back to the South. It announced Archibald's death, two months earlier. The writer had promised Archibald, who knew that he was going, to communicate with Grandmaa, if it were ever possible, so that she might break the news to his mother. There followed details of his last days. When he had first been brought in, it had seemed that all would go well, for his wound had been skillfully treated by the Yankee field-surgeons, and seemed to be yielding readily to the treatment. But the filth, cold, and starvation of Elmira were too much. The wound itself received no adequate medical attention, and the wounded man's strength was sapped by lack of food. Infection developed, gangrene set in, and Archibald died—the writer stopped there, but Grandmaa could guess only too well how horribly he had died.

And now she had to tell Euphemia. No, she couldn't—she simply couldn't. Someone else would have to do it. God couldn't want her to do that. Even Abraham had not been required actually to set the knife to the throat of his own child, and whoever brought this news to Euphemia would cause her death, no less. Could a merciful God require a mother to be the executioner of her own daughter?

No, there must be some escape, there must be!

Poor Grandmaa looked wildly around her like a trapped animal, but neither in heaven nor in earth was any help in sight. Over her head was a bright blue sky, a hard and glittering blue sky, which shut down on every side, empty and indifferent. Behind her a jungle of cypress, gum and cat-briars crowded up to the mill-dam on which she stood, a wilderness gloomy and indifferent. Before her lay the mill-pond, smooth and shining as glass, placid and indifferent. At her feet its edge was covered with lily pads with here and there a waxy, white blossom, golden-hearted. Years ago when she had first seen them as a young girl, she had thought them the most beautiful things in this wild, new land; but now she thought that she would never, never, never wish to see a water-lily again, for their heavy heads and languorous perfume would be forever linked with this moment. Beside her, Peg-Leg stood staring down at the letter in his hand and mumbling over and over again,

"Poor old Arch! Poor old Arch!"

He was benumbed and useless. Grandmaa's head hung down, and it seemed to her that she could not ever raise it again. She had looked down at the lilies, and sidelong at the jungle and sidelong at the mill-pond and sidelong at the blue horizon where it shut down upon her. No, there was no help, none. Peg-Leg was startled when she fell on her knees, bowed her face in her hands and cried harshly,

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

He stepped toward her, but before he could touch her she shuddered, and rose quickly to her feet. She spoke, and her voice was Grandmaa's usual clear, distinct utterance again, only somewhat lower than usual.

"I must go tell Euphemia, Donald. Pray for her."

She went quickly along the road toward the end of the dam, and Peg-Leg, staring after her, thought hazily that Grandmaa was an unusual woman. Who else, past eighty-two, could walk so erect and hold her head so high?



Euphemia heard the news without a word, without a sound. She stood in her kitchen, her left hand resting on a table, her right at her lips. When Grandmaa, developing an astounding capacity for fluent lying, had told her that Archibald, in spite of all that could be

done to save him, had died of his wound, but that, thank God, he had died peacefully in a hospital bed, carefully nursed and attended, not out on the battlefield, she remained silent, and made no movement, save to touch her lips with the fingers of her right hand, rubbing them softly, thoughtfully, curiously, as if she had just discovered them. But this silence, and the curious movement of the fingers frightened Grandmaa much more than hysteria would have done.

"You must bear up, Euphemia," she said, when the silence became unendurable. "You must remember the other boys."

"Yes," said Euphemia, dully. "Yes, certainly. I must bear up. For Duncan. And for Robbie. Yes, mother, I will bear up. For Duncan. And for Robbie."

She suffered herself to be led quietly into her bed-room, and lay quietly upon the bed for an hour. Then she quietly reappeared and resumed her household duties.

"She's smothering it in," said Grandmaa to herself, anxiously. "It's the worst thing she can do, but how can we help her?"

It appeared that no one could help Euphemia. She did not ask for help. She was merely very, very quiet, and as the days went by Grandmaa began to hope that she might not need help, after all.



June drew down to its last week and then, true to Anna's prediction, the Army of Northern Virginia lunged. Lee had crossed the Potomac. Lee sweeping through Maryland. Lee was in Pennsylvania. Lee was circling around preparing to loose the thunderbolt on Washington from the north—or would he swoop upon Baltimore first? No matter—the war was upon Yankee soil at last, the late invaders were now battling to defend their own firesides, the tables were turned. The decision could not long be deferred, now, and the South's smoldering hopes shot up into a towering flame of enthusiasm, a delirium of hope and joy.

Even Grandmaa was touched by the excitement and found her heart beating faster as each successive bit of news arrived. Perhaps now they would make an end of the thing, and the long agony would be over. The victory would be purchased at an awful price, but anything for an end to the butchery.

Then came the news that the armies were locked in combat at a place in Pennsylvania called Gettysburg, and for three days hope

and fear balanced delicately; but after the fourth day it became known that the Yankee army had not been destroyed, and General Lee would have to try again. Still, said the hopeful, it had been a staggering blow, and the North was reeling from the impact; one more such collision would finish it. Yet it was hope deferred, and many and many a heart was sick.



The next week the casualty lists began to come in. People struggled frantically to obtain newspapers, and then when they got them handled them as if they had been asps, opened them as if they were infernal machines, desperately anxious and desperately afraid to read.

Peg-Leg came in with a paper one day when Grandmaa and Anna were sitting together. He had ridden all the way from Shoe Heel with it, but it was still unopened. He handed it to them and went out to unhitch and stable his horse. Hesitantly, they spread it out on a table. The whole inside of the four-page sheet was filled column after column of names printed in fine type. "Killed in Action." "Wounded in Action." "Missing." These were the only headlines.

That terrible first headline drew their eyes as a magnet. Fearfully they went down the long, long list name by name. It was Anna who reached it first, but even as she screamed a line leaped out of the page as if its letters had been transformed into letters of fire under Grandmaa's eyes. It read,

"Lt.-Col. Kenneth Connelly, 18th North Carolina Infantry."

Peg-Leg's shocked face appeared in the door.

"It's Kenneth," said Grandmaa, briefly, looking up from where she was kneeling by Anna. "Help me to get her to bed."

Peg-Leg glanced mechanically at the newspaper, then came over and manipulating his wooden leg with uncanny skill managed to get his arms under Anna, lifted her as if she had been a child, and stumped across the hall into Grandmaa's bed-room, where he deposited her gently on the bed. Then he stood, staring stupidly.

"Brandy," said Grandmaa, chafing Anna's wrists.

Peg-Leg got it, still moving in a daze.

"Fan her," said Grandma, thrusting, a palm-leaf into his hands. He waved it to and fro, like an automaton.

Finally Anna's eyelids quivered, then opened. She looked blankly

around her for a moment, then, as recollection rushed back, her face broke up, wrinkled and twisted dreadfully, and tears gushed into her eyes. She twisted her head until her face was buried in the pillow, and began sobbing, long, dreadful sobs that racked the bed. Grandmaa patted her shoulder, touched her hair, murmured indistinguishable words, until the weeping grew wilder and wilder, and then, as physical exhaustion approached, began to subside. After a long time Grandmaa at last looked up. Peg-Leg was still standing, looking stupidly straight ahead of him at the wall, and still waving the palm-leaf to and fro.

"She's better, now," said Grandmaa. "Get out, Donald."

Peg-Leg said nothing, but stumped wearily to the door and out. She did not see him again that day, although she looked for him after they had taken Anna home. But he was nowhere about and the Negroes said that he had saddled one of the mules—there were no horses left now—and had ridden off toward the desolate sand-hill country. They found the mule back in the stable next morning. He was in bad shape—scratched by brambles, spattered with mud, and obviously exhausted—but when he had been brought in, or whither he had been ridden, no one ever knew.

In the afternoon Peg-Leg came back to the house, but he made no reference to his night ride, nor did he mention Kenneth. He went about his work as usual, and there was no apparent change in him except that he was a bit shorter of speech, and a bit grim about the mouth. But Grandmaa wondered if Anna herself were harder hit than Peg-Leg. There was nothing she could do for the boy—nothing she could do for any of them. She had lived eighty-two years and more. She had seen much, she had experienced much, she had touched life, she had known intimately joy and sorrow, love and birth and death, but in the hour of her children's supreme need, she was as impotent as a baby. Donald, now, would have known what to do, he would never have been so utterly at a loss. But Donald was a wise man, as well as a good one, while as for her—well, she reckoned she was nothing but an old fool, after all. Eighty-two she was, and in all those years she had learned nothing that would heal the heart of the woman whose son lay dead, nothing that would comfort the man who had lost his friend.

Henry and Archibald and Kenneth gone, and the war not yet over. Duncan and Malcolm and Robbie left—and the war not yet over. It began to sing in her head like a refrain which one may try and try to forget, but which sings itself in the brain, over and over

again. Henry and Archibald and Kenneth gone. Vicksburg was down, and the Yankee commander in the West, a man named Grant, was crashing through Tennessee. Lee was back in Virginia, collecting his strength for a renewal of the struggle. Nothing had been accomplished toward peace; and Henry and Archibald and Kenneth were gone.

Grandmaa sometimes had to pass the boundaries of the narrow fields which were all that Peg-Leg could cultivate this year. She hated to look at the land that was lying fallow, for it was already apparent that it must go untilled next year, too. Already it was covered with a waving mass of broom-straw and dog-fennel. Next year sumac bushes would spring up, and seedling pines would appear. The ditches were clogged and much of the good bottom-land was being drowned. Only a short time, and these fine fields would have to be cleared again, with almost as much heavy toil as had been required to clear them originally. By whom would that labor be performed? Henry and Archibald and Kenneth were gone; only Duncan and Malcolm and Robbie were left – and the war not yet over. The forest was creeping back, conquering once more the fields which Donald Whyte had wrested from it. The wilderness was retrieving the land which the Campbells owned, and how many of the Campbells would be left to drive the wilderness back again? Henry and Archibald and Kenneth were gone – and the war not yet over.



Sultry July dragged to an end and fiercer August followed it. The corn throve mightily under the pitiless summer sun and so did the other crops. Peg-Leg was satisfied. In spite of his restricted area, he would do rather well this year. He was thin and wire-edged from his labor, and he remained taciturn, but his energy was unflagging, and the supervision he exercised over the estates careful to the last degree.

Grandmaa studied him covertly one day when he came in for a few minutes' rest after a struggle with some exasperating trouble at the mill. Suddenly she realized that this was a hard-bitten man, one of the hardest she had ever known. Physically, Peg-Leg was sinewy and strong, in spite of his crippled state; but spiritually he was vitrified. Illusion had been burned out of Peg-Leg in the Mexican war, and emotion had been drained out of him in this one. His calcined heart could no more love than his crippled body could run a foot-

race. Perhaps he retained the capacity to hate, but there was nothing in the world he greatly desired now, nothing for which he particularly hoped. Grandmaa doubted that he could even hate heartily; certainly he spoke of the Yankees with something strangely like indifference. Even his expressed willingness to help hang Lincoln was rather a concession to public opinion, she knew, than an outburst of genuine emotion. The thought flashed through her mind that if he were actually called on to assist at the execution of the President of the United States, he would do it unhesitatingly, but that he would be inexpressibly bored by the whole performance.

Suddenly Grandmaa had an instant of prevision. She saw the long years unrolling before Peg-Leg. The war would end sometime, but he would go on working as he worked now, simply because labor bored him less than idleness. He would never marry. Doubtless he would continue to look after her until her death. When that occurred, he would regret it quite genuinely, but not so much that he would be incapable of looking after the funeral arrangements and seeing to it that a proper headstone was erected at her grave. Then he and his mother would go on living together for years and years. Peg-Leg's affairs would prosper, and he would have money with which he would buy more land, not that he especially wanted more land, but simply because that was what everyone did with money. He would attend church scrupulously every Sunday, sitting always in the same place, and listening attentively to the sermon, which would have exactly as much effect on him as the droning of the dirtdaubers, busy under the eaves. He would swindle no man, because there would be no point in swindling. He would respect the moral code, because there would no longer be any fun in getting drunk and raising Cain. When his mother died, she, too, would be soberly and decently buried, and a proper headstone would be erected at her grave. He would grow older and older, dryer and dryer, more and more respectable, and less and less human. Finally he would die, mainly because there would be nothing else left to do.

Peg-Leg had fine qualities. Grandmaa never denied it. Since the war began he had played the man every minute of every day—in-
deed, although only half a man, physically, he had played at least two men's parts. He had richly earned everything the world would give him. But as for carrying on the lineage of Donald Whyte, as for preserving and increasing the rich and vital tradition of Clan Campbell, one might as well expect that of a fencepost. No, Donald

was definitely out of it — and Henry and Archibald and Kenneth were gone.



The corn throve mightily in the heats of August, but so did *Anopheles* mosquitoes. Grandmaa had no idea of the significance of *Anopheles*, but she did know that in the late summer chills and fever increased enormously, and that no quinine could be run through the Federal blockade. So she set to work diligently gathering such ineffective febrifuges as she knew existed among the wild plants in the woods, and more and more of her time was taken up making the rounds of the sick. In early September she was called away down below Shoe Heel to do what little she could for an entire family, stricken at once. It was about twenty miles. Thirty years before she would have thought nothing of the trip, but at nearly eighty-three she found it quite a strain, although she took all day to it. She remained with the people three days, and then took the whole of another day to come back.

Therefore she missed the first shock to the family of the news that Malcolm had died of typhoid in a camp far up in Virginia. She went to Rebecca at once and stayed with her several days; and Rebecca talked incessantly about the war. She said nothing of Malcolm, but she discussed the Gettysburg campaign with a precision of detail that amazed and bewildered Grandmaa, who knew little more about it than that General Lee had gone up into Pennsylvania, fought, and come back again. She talked of the present situation — of the chances that General Bragg would do better than General Johnston had done in the West, and whether General Lee's next effort would be directed straight at Washington, or would involve another circling movement. Rebecca, who for three years had steadily avoided all reference to the war, now lectured like a professor in a military academy. Grandmaa was alarmed at first, but then she decided that it was better for her to talk it out. So she sat in an attentive attitude. But what she was really listening to was not Rebecca's exposition of the strategy of the opposing generals, but the refrain that sang in her head, now plaintive and low, now wild and shrill, but always cruel: "Henry and Archibald and Kenneth and Malcolm gone — and the war not yet over. Duncan and Robbie left and the war not yet over."



September dragged wearily to an end and the first of October mercifully brought an early frost, at which the victims of chills and fever were heartened again. Grandmaa's seamstresses and knitting women were able to resume their labors, and it was high time, for the army was in need of everything, — more men, more money, more iron and steel, more clothing, more horses and mules, more food, more medicines and hospital supplies. General Lee had been unable to strike again across the Potomac, but the late summer air had trembled to the thunder of great battles in Tennessee. In spite of the relative inactivity in Virginia, the slaughter continued steadily, persistently, monotonously, and the interminable casualty lists constituted the greater part of the newspapers.

One November day John Monroe came in to see Grandmaa. Except at church, and in occasional encounters at sickbeds, she had hardly exchanged a word with him for months. Now that she had a good look at him in a moment of relaxation, she said to herself that he had aged ten years in the last twenty months. But, for that matter, who had not? Grandmaa's daughters were now all, like Mary, definitely old women. The soldiers who occasionally came home on furlough, although they had gone to the war as striplings, were now mature men. The very children often had a wizened, owlsh look, which gave them the appearance of little old men and women.

"John," she said suddenly, "sometimes I think it has been twenty years since Fort Sumter surrendered."

"Twenty years!" said John violently. "It's been a century!"

He stared moodily into the fire. It was a wet, raw day. A gusty wind wrenched at the few tattered leaves remaining on the trees, and slapped the rain viciously against the window-panes. Now and then a drop came straight down the chimney and plopped into the ashes on the hearth.

"I confess, it has tried my faith to the breaking-point," John went on, after awhile. "I preach to the people and call on them to stand steadfast, but in my heart I'm wondering all the time how an All-Merciful God can allow this horror to continue."

"Now, John," said Grandmaa with decision, "let's not get God into this. 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace,' but it shall not be called Cain.

"God didn't start this war, John, and it isn't God that's keeping it going. You can see it as far as the other side is concerned, easy enough. God didn't write the tariff bill that started all the trouble. I don't think you will suggest that the Abolitionists have anything to do with Him. He certainly didn't inspire Mr. Lincoln to issue his Emancipation Proclamation, inviting the Negroes to rise and murder us all in our beds. It's as plain as the nose on your face that all this is the Devil's work.

"But what about our own side? Oh, I know we were invaded, and then we had to fight. But before that, what were we doing? You know as well as I do that we were strutting up and down, bragging about our strength and bravery, and daring every body to knock the chip off our shoulder. We were filled with ungodly pride, John, and 'by that sin fell the angels.'

"And if you want to know the truth, I never have been any too well satisfied that we have a right to hold the Negroes, anyhow. Suppose the Yankees did sell them to us in the first place? We have them now. My husband always was a little uneasy about slavery, and if this war should result in wiping it out, I don't know but what it would be a good thing for everybody concerned."

"You may be right about the Negroes," said John. "They never have done us much good. They cost to keep very nearly as much as they produce, and it would not be hard for me to believe that there is a curse on the whole business.

"But as for the rest of it, I disagree. I do not believe that any nation is called upon to submit its neck to the yoke, and I cannot believe that a man who fights for his freedom bears the brand of Cain. You don't believe it, either. You can't. Why, you would brand all our soldiers —"

"Stop, John!" commanded Grandmaa, agitated. "Don't you ever say anything like that to me. The soldiers, from General Lee down to the rawest private, are the sacrifice, not the sinner.

"Why, can't you see, John? It is the plan of salvation. When has the world ever been cleansed except by the shedding of innocent blood? It wasn't the Yankee soldiers whose tyranny and greed brought on this war. Like ours, they are young men who had nothing to do with it. But they have had to die by thousands to pay for what their fathers did. And it wasn't our boys who were proud and boastful back in the years before the war. And as for the Negroes, well, the Yankee sailors brought them, and we bought them, and now the young men of both sections are paying for that.

"But none of it is the Lord's doing. It's the Devil's work, from start to finish. The Lord's hand is in it only to sustain and strengthen our sons to bear what their fathers have put upon them."

"True," said John, thoughtfully. "God permits it to go on, but then he permitted the Crucifixion to go on. It is one of His mysteries which we are not permitted to understand."

"But my heart sickens at the extent of the sacrifice. What could we have done, or left undone that is worth the price we have paid — the price this household has paid, like all the thousands of households in the land? Henry and Archibald and Malcolm and Kenneth—"

"And the war not yet over," Grandmaa completed the sentence mechanically.

"Don't talk like that," said John quickly, chilled by something in her voice. "After all, Duncan and Robbie are left."

Grandmaa looked him straight in the face and spoke deliberately.

"And the war not yet over," said she. If John had been a Catholic he would have crossed himself.

He averted his eyes, and said nothing, too shocked to speak. For only now had he realized that Grandmaa Whyte was afraid, in all the terror-smitten land perhaps the person most horribly afraid. He went away dazed and sick at heart.



Some respite came with the winter. The armies on both sides were collecting their strength for the tremendous struggle certain to come in the summer of 1864, and the casualty lists during the cold weather grew very much shorter. But the first of the year brought the requisitioning officers around again, sweeping up draft animals for the army. February, which meant spring plowing, was at hand, when Peg-Leg came to Grandmaa with his plans for the year. He said that the officers had requisitioned not only everything on the place that could pull a plow, but practically everything that could stand up without leaning against a fence. Properly speaking, he had no livestock at all.

Therefore, if the family and all its dependents were to have food enough to carry them through the next winter, he would have to make the wisest possible use of such poor, old crowbaits as were left him. This meant, in his opinion, concentrating on little of the best land in both estates, and turning the rest over to the hogs. The up-

shot was that he had decided to abandon Grandmaa's place entirely, except for a narrow garden-patch immediately around the house which the Negroes could cultivate with hoes.

Peg-Leg's plan was obviously common sense and Grandmaa accepted it without a moment's hesitation. But after he had gone, she did not immediately resume the dusting which his arrival had interrupted. She sat for a long time, thinking, and her thoughts were somber. Her eighty-third birthday was only a few weeks past. Sixty of those years she had spent painfully winning away from the forest the land which Peg-Leg now proposed to abandon to broom-straw, sumac bushes and sapling pines. "What profit hath a man of all his labor, which he taketh under the sun?" This was very nearly the end. She remembered how, sixty years before, the great, gloomy wall of the forest had encircled the house so closely that it seemed to smother her, and how she had longed for the hills, the free air and the wide sweeps of Scotland.

But in time they had won free air and wide sweeps here. They had borne back the forest before them, until now when she stood at her door she must shade her eye with her hand to descry the low, black line of the woods at the back of the broad fields. And it was a good land — a mellow, warm and generous land, far better than the stingy, flinty soil of Scotland. It had its beauty, too, not indeed the beauty of hills and crags and heather, but none the less appealing for being different. A cotton field in midsummer was a gracious thing — a smooth, green sea, soft and inviting, starred with those curious blossoms that were pale yellow today, purplish pink tomorrow, and gone the day after. A forest of long-leaf pines, too, had a majestic grace not to be found in the tiny copses that passed for forests in Europe. The sense of power in these countless brown columns springing to enormous heights was foreign to all cultivated woods. Even Drowning Creek, wandering, clear and cool, between its banks of reeds and rushes, chuckling over shallows where the white sand gleamed through three feet of water, slipping under stately cypress and juniper like gigantic tapers, had its beauty. It was not the beauty of the sparkling, blue Clyde, but she loved it.

And now it was slipping back, out of her hands and the hands of her race, back into the grip of the wilderness. She was eighty-three — only a short while, now, and they would bury her by the side of little John. And then the forest would come creeping back, circling around the house again, walling it up until it seemed at the bottom

of a vast pit, until, perhaps, in the far future, it might be released again by hands through which ran none of her blood. For it was already beginning its march over the once cultivated fields, and who was to stop it now? Henry and Archibald and Malcolm and Kenneth, the braw laddies who would have held it back, were gone. Peg-Leg would go in the end, leaving no heirs. Duncan and Robbie? Aye, they might do it—they would do it, given a chance, for they were of Clan Campbell. But Duncan and Robbie were in the army—and the war was not yet over.

Well, it was no use grieving. Peg-Leg was right in bringing under the plow only such land as he could cultivate properly, and letting the rest go. No, it was no use grieving, no use at all.

Grandmaa got up and resumed her dusting.



As summer came on the war, so far from ceasing, seemed to redouble in violence. Never had the calls for men and materiel been so insistent. The new Yankee commander, Grant, seemed utterly indifferent to waste of human life, of munitions, of everything. Doggedly, persistently, he hurled his columns against the Confederate lines, and when they were hurled back, with frightful losses, he simply brought up more out of his inexhaustible reserves, and repeated the assault. General Lee was fighting the fight of the ages. Division after division, army corps after army corps of the Yankees he sent wrecked and ruined to the rear. But to what avail? After a few weeks these same units would reappear, filled with fresh men, armed with new weapons, outfitted with fresh equipment, to hurl themselves on Lee's battered lines again.

And in the West, where President Davis had removed the careful, skillful General Johnston, the new man, General Hood, had promptly lost Atlanta.

Two new names became common in the conversation of the countryside, both fraught with ominous significance, one that of a place, the other that of a man, The Wilderness and Sherman.

But all these things Grandmaa heard with a certain detachment. They were matters that did not concern her. They were the responsibility of the generals and political chiefs, the strategists and statesmen. What did concern her was the task of holding the community itself together in support of the men in the field. And this was prov-

ing a formidable task. In spite of her best efforts, the quota of bandages and clothing this summer fell below what it had been in any previous year. Nor was the loss altogether attributable to illness among the women. They, like the tools and machinery, were wearing out. The war was lasting so long! Grandmaa did not dare let herself think of the total of casualties in Spring Hill township. It was too awful. Women whose sons and husbands were dead still worked, but not with the spirit of the early days; and an increasing number were unable to do anything now because their hands were encumbered with a bit of war wreckage thrown back upon them — a paralyzed man, or a blind one, or an armless or legless cripple who required constant attention.

All that anyone thought of now was what news might come out of the roaring Wilderness. Even the appalling stories that came from Georgia, where Sherman seemed damning himself to infamous immortality, were heard with half an ear. If Grant ever sickened of the butchery of his men, General Lee could be trusted to take care of Sherman, all right.

But the Yankee commander seemed to thrive upon slaughter. Bloody repulse after bloody repulse only spurred him to more ferocious attacks. And Lee, also, was using up men, ammunition, guns, horses and mules, food and clothing at an appalling rate. The requisitioning officers came more and more frequently, but carried off less and less, because there was little left that even their eagle eyes could discover. And Sherman ravaged Georgia down to the sea.



One day in August Peg-Leg came into Grandmaa's sitting-room. "Bad news," he said, speaking shortly, as he always did under stress. "You better go see Aunt 'Phamy. They've got Duncan."

"Killed?" breathed Grandmaa tensely.

"Yes," said Peg-Leg. "At Petersburg. News just came. I'll hitch up."

He stumped out of the room. Grandmaa found Euphemia sitting by the window in her bedroom. She was dry-eyed, but the corners of her mouth were twitching, and with the fingers of her right hand she was touching her lips, tentatively, curiously.

"Help me, Ma!" she cried in a harsh voice before Grandmaa could speak. "Help me to remember Robbie!"

So Grandma sat down quietly in a chair opposite Euphemia and talked of Robbie, of nobody else, of nothing else. She reminded Euphemia of how proud she had been of him as a baby, and what a delightful child he was. She said that as the youngest son of her youngest daughter, he was to her in a double sense the baby of the family. Somehow he seemed to need watching over more than any of the others—not that he was a wild lad, for he wasn't, but because there was something so gentle and fine in him that it would be a sin not to encourage it. Robbie needed his mother more than most boys. He was strong and healthy and as lively as any of them, but he had not developed hardness as boys generally do.

And how glad he would be to get back to Euphemia's arms! He had done his duty, as he saw it, of course, and they were proud of him for doing it, of course, but all the same, he was no warrior by inclination. Therefore when he did come back they must all be very careful of him, for he would be weary and bruised in spirit as well as in body. Therefore he must, at all cost, find in his home tranquillity and cheerfulness. Robbie could be, would be, a great and good man if he had the chance; so all who loved him must combine to give him the chance by seeing to it that he should never be reminded of the war and all he had been through once he had come back home.

"Yes," said Euphemia, beginning to cry, "Yes."

Grandmaa knew that her work was done. She left Euphemia to other hands, then. She had talked to her for an hour, and felt that she had talked for years. Once out of Euphemia's sight her legs gave way, and they had to help her to a sofa where she lay a long time. She lay for a long time and they thought she was resting quietly; but what she was doing was grappling with a dancing devil who whirled through her brain, singing a jeering refrain at her: "Henry and Archibald and Malcolm and Kenneth and Duncan gone—" She must stop that singing. She must get hold of that devil and throttle him. She must resolutely turn him out of her brain and think of other things. The mill, for instance—Peg-Leg's troubles daily increased at the mill, but it must be kept going because meal and lumber they must have. The mill could not stop, "and the war not yet over." That devil again! Tomorrow she would make an extra effort to put some life into her group of bandage makers. They were growing slack, and it could not be permitted. Even if they had no patriotism among them, common humanity dictated that the supply of bandages must not stop; besides, Robbie might need them. "Only Robbie is left," jeered the mocking devil. She faced him now, she faced him reso-

lutely and grimly.

"Only Robbie is left," she said to him firmly, "and the war not yet over. The work shall go on."

Grandma sat up on the sofa, amazed the household by taking a sip of brandy, and started back to her own house.



As autumn came on, Peg-Leg's judgment was justified. His crop was fairly good, and seemed to assure the family and the slaves against want for the winter.

"But what I'll do next year, the Lord knows," he said to Grandmaa. "The mules I started with last spring were no good, but half of them are dead now. Still, I think we'll be able to haul the corn to the crib, and if the mules give out we'll tote it in. But next year, we can't even start."

"Don't begin to worry about next year, Donald," said Grandmaa wearily. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof' — aye, amply sufficient."

Somehow they did manage to get the crop in, and it appeared to be enough, provided the requisitioning officers did not seize it all.

But soon they ceased worrying about requisitioning officers. At Christmas Savannah was down, and it became clear that the terrible Sherman would turn north. A month later he started, and in the middle of February he laid Columbia in ashes. The stories of murder, arson, rapine and pillage that flew before his army thickened like snowflakes with a north wind behind them.

But people received them with a sort of dull apathy. After all, what could be done? Bury the silver, drive such horses as remained into the swamps—but what good would it do? The Yankees were like ferrets. Nothing would escape them. And what did it matter, anyhow? The war that had continued since time immemorial would go on forever; what was the use of taking thought to escape, when there was no escape?



One afternoon in early March two items of news came to Grandmaa. One was that a body of Wheeler's cavalry, falling back before Sherman, had reached Shoe Heel. The other was that Robbie

had been killed in a skirmish near Richmond.

Peg-Leg came and hitched her one skeleton mule to her rattle-trap chaise, while she packed in a carpetbag clothes enough for a week's stay. Then she came out, closed her door, and turned the key in the lock, wondering why she took so futile a precaution. The Yankees would be here tomorrow or the next day, and what were private houses and locked doors to them? But she locked it, and put the key in her pocket.

She found Euphemia perfectly calm. Sometimes her mouth twitched, and sometimes she put her fingers to her lips, but not often did either occur. Grandmaa wondered uneasily. At supper Euphemia came to the table, and even made a pretense of eating. She sat quietly by the fire all evening, saying nothing except when she was spoken to, but replying quietly then. Grandmaa had a bed in her room, but after they had lain down Euphemia was perfectly quiet. Grandmaa was certain she did not sleep, but she said nothing. At last Grandmaa herself dozed fitfully, waking with a start every few minutes, certain that a mocking devil had screeched in her ear, "All gone, all gone!"

In the morning she arose to find Euphemia lying with her eyes closed, breathing lightly. Grandmaa hoped against hope that she had finally fallen into slumber; so she dressed without noise and slipped out as quietly as she could to help with the preparations for breakfast. When the meal was ready, she returned to find Euphemia lying with her eyes open. She summoned her, and was told to go ahead, that Euphemia would join them presently.

That breakfast was never finished. In the midst of it a sharp explosion from the front of the house broke it up. Grandmaa could not move as quickly as some of the others, and when she reached Euphemia's door, they barred her way, and finally carried her back into another room. Euphemia had shot herself.

In the afternoon a wisp of what had been a cavalry squadron plodded up the road from Shoe Heel. They were Wheeler's men, come to destroy Gilchrist Bridge to impede the Yankee advance. They camped that night near by, and in the morning four troopers bore Euphemia's body to the grave, and a bugler sounded over it the sweet, sad call blown for those who are buried with the honors of war.



Then they mounted and rode off down toward the bridge, and with them the Confederate States of America vanished forever. Before night a squad of blue-coated dragoons rode by, and the following morning a long column of infantry came trudging past. They were bearded, thin, weary and incredibly dirty. Dust, sun and rain had turned their uniforms into nondescript dun. Hundreds of miles of route-marching had thrown their ranks into disorder, and developed their step into a slouching shuffle. For the most part they passed by without a glance right or left, silently. There was nothing ferocious about them; they were merely unspeakably tired. But although the men themselves were dust-covered and unkempt, their rifles gleamed wherever the sun touched them. They belonged to a veteran regiment from New York, and they had long since learned to keep their weapons spotless under any and all conditions.

For an hour they poured by, and then the column halted and fell out to the right of the road. They were making way for the engineers, who were rushed forward to repair the bridge. These were even worse tatterdemalions than the infantry, but Peg-Leg, who had come to Euphemia's house the night before, pointed out grimly that their movement, casual as it seemed to be, was really swift and orderly.

"Good outfit," said Peg-Leg. "That bridge won't stop 'em long."

A party detached itself from the infantry and approached the house, a boyish lieutenant leading.

As they drew near the steps, Peg-Leg stumped out on the porch to meet them, drew himself up and saluted awkwardly.

The lieutenant stared, then smiled and returned the salute.

"Well, Johnny," he said, "where did you get the timbertoes? Gettysburg?"

"Long before that, Lieutenant," said Peg-Leg easily. "Did you ever hear of Cherubusco?"

"Can't say I did," returned the officer. "I never served on the peninsula."

"Cherubusco isn't in Virginia, sir," explained Peg-Leg. "It's in Mexico. Cannon-shot took this leg off there in 1847. That's why I haven't met you before."

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed the officer. "I thought you were a Johnny Reb. I never guessed —"

"Oh, don't make any mistake," Peg-Leg interrupted. "I'm a Reb, all right. Only I made the mistake of serving your government first,

and I haven't been any good for soldiering since."

The officer laughed.

"Peppery old devil yet, eh? Well, never mind. If you lost that leg in the service of the United States, the United States will do right by you, no matter what company you have kept since.

"Sergeant," he turned to a non-commissioned officer behind him, "post a guard at this house with orders to let no foraging party in. Tell him to inform the command behind us that he is to be relieved by another guard, and that this is the house of a former United States soldier and is on no account to be touched."

The party marched back, but at the gate one soldier detached himself and remained there when the column moved on. So for three days, while the flood of troops poured by, no detachment entered the yard.

But the guard did not prevent them from raiding the corncrib, the barns and the smokehouse and sweeping them clean. And when everything was gone, the barns were fired and burned to the ground. Ominous columns of smoke that rose in various directions proved that others were faring the same way; and a frightened Negro came in late in the day to report that every barn, corncrib and other out-house in the neighborhood had been systematically burned. A little later came news that the mill had suffered the same fate; and shortly after dark someone came to say that dwelling houses not actually occupied were being burned too. Grandma's had already gone.



The third day a wagon with several men in it stopped at the gate. One of them, an officer, spoke to the guard, and he saluted and stepped aside. Then the others lifted something out of the wagon and came into the yard, bearing it carefully. Grandma went to the door and saw that what they were carrying was a man, evidently sick or injured. The officer with them was a surgeon. He addressed Grandma curtly.

"I have an injured man here. A bed for him."

Silently she indicated the way, and the man was carried in and placed on the bed. Grandma went into the kitchen and told one of the Negro women to take hot water and towels to the surgeon. Then she returned to the sitting room and sat down.

Presently the door opened and the surgeon strode into the room.

"Madam," he said, "the officer in there has been kicked by a horse, and unfortunately his leg is broken. I have put it in splints, and he needs no further attention at the moment, but he cannot be moved. I must rejoin my command, and we shall be compelled to leave him here for a while.

"But before leaving, I call your attention to the fact that he is a major in the United States army. He is to be treated respectfully and his wants attended to. This house and all the lives in it will answer for his."

"Sir," said Grandmaa, sweetly, "the man is injured and helpless. He may be a major in the army of Beelzebub, but he is quite safe here. You see, *we* are civilized people."

The surgeon's face purpled. He started to speak, but evidently thought better of it, slapped his cap on his head and departed.



The engineers had the bridge up by this time, and the last of the army trailed by that evening. Most of the Negroes went with them, and silence fell on the countryside. It began to take stock. Of property, there was none left, but nobody had been killed, nobody had suffered personal outrage. After all, the Yankees had not been quite the savage beasts that the advance rumors had painted them. And in Euphemia's house, thanks to the guard, the silver, furniture and clothing were intact, as well as a considerable store of food which had been brought in from the corn-crib and smokehouse.

The day after the last of the soldiers had disappeared Grandmaa went into the room occupied by the injured man. He was a gaunt, bearded fellow who might have been thirty-five, but looked fifty.

She inquired as to his wants, and, learning that his bandages were bothering him, proceeded to shift them competently and deftly. He thanked her, with evident warmth, and complimented her on her skill.

"Oh, I have done worse than that," she explained. "I have set more than one broken bone in the days when the country was new and there were no doctors. I wouldn't risk that now, but I can still contrive to shift a bandage."

"You can, indeed," he said, examining his leg. "It's a neater job than the surgeon's, and I am more grateful to you than I can say."

"Well, I'll keep an eye on it," she promised.

So every morning thereafter she went in and adjusted the bandages until he was comfortable, and every morning the ice between them thawed a little. He was clearly a gentleman, Grandmaa thought, and it was clear that he had been ravaged by the war. His grim mouth and the lines etched about his eyes were proof plentiful that it had been no joyous holiday for him. After all, a brave man was a brave man, whether friend or foe; and who would cherish personal hostility toward a valiant foe struck down?

It was understood that the ambulance corps would pick him up sometime, but he was able to sit up, with his leg supported on a second chair, before they came; and by that time he and Grandmaa were conversing amiably enough. Sometimes they even spoke of the war. She learned that he had served under McClellan and Meade, and had then been transferred to the West in time to participate in the battles around Chattanooga. A man with that record, she realized, was a veteran indeed. And the evidently sincere respect with which he spoke of the Confederate army did him no harm in her eyes.

"The tenacity with which your people fought was our great surprise," he said to her the day before the ambulance came to take him away. They were sitting together in the late afternoon. The sun was nearly down, but its last, level rays pouring through the window filled the place with a golden dusk.

"Somehow we didn't make sufficient allowance for the fact that we were going to encounter the same sort of spirit that inspired our own men. We thought we had a monopoly on patriotism."

"I suppose we thought the same about ourselves," said Grandmaa, slowly. "I suppose people always think so about themselves. At any rate, we never guessed that you would fight so hard. We could imagine no reason why you should."

"It is a strange thing, this that we call patriotism," replied the Major. "We call it the noblest of virtues, and yet if either side had had less of it there might have been no war; certainly it would not have been so long and desperate and bloody a war."

He smiled a little sourly.

"To think that it was excess of virtue that produced all this beastliness! My father brought us, my brother and me, to this country from England when we were small children. America gave us everything. We should have been ashamed not to fight. My brother died of wounds near Atlanta, but he died without regrets. I saw him in the hospital when he knew he was going, and he told me so."

He looked at Grandmaa, half-challengingly.

"He loved his country, because it had given him everything," she said softly, looking across the field to where the pine woods were etched sharply against the glowing western sky. "It is a strong claim, a very strong claim. But there may be a stronger."

She paused for a moment, and then shot a question at him.

"You were fond of your brother, Major? Don't trouble to answer. Your face speaks for you. Well, I think perhaps you love your country more than he did. You have given it him and four years of your life, four of the best years.

"I came to this country sixty years ago. I hated it, hated it bitterly, hated it for many years. It seemed to me a dreadful wilderness, unfit for men, forgotten by God. I gave it much, because I could not help myself. It was a greedy, insatiable country. It took my girlhood, it took my little son, it took my husband. It took all the labor of my best years. But in the end, I thought it had given me something. I had houses, land, cattle and horses, servants, and best of all six stalwart young men of my own blood, six grandsons.

"Do you know what I have now, Major? The houses are burned, the land is grown up in weeds and bushes and will soon be forest again, the cattle and horses are killed or driven away, the servants are fled, and the young men are buried, one in New York, four in Virginia, one at Fort Fisher. When I left my house just before your people came, I locked the door and dropped the key in my pocket. Now for all the labor and pain and heartbreak of sixty years, I have only this."

She held out her hand. On it lay the key.

The Major was dumb. Grandmaa rose and stood at the window with her back to him. Suddenly she turned and faced him. She stood rigidly upright, and he noticed that her arms were straight by her sides, the hands clenched; perhaps it was some trick of the sunlight that bathed her, but she no longer looked an old woman. There was a spot of color in her cheeks and her eyes were bright. She looked, he thought, like a great lady, like the daughter of a line of kings.

"But it is my land, Major. I have bought it and paid for it, with money first, and then with labor and pain of body and pain of mind and with blood. It is a ruined land, but if my death could bring back one of the young men to take it and keep it, I would go down on my knees and pray you to kill me here and now."

She stopped, and her body drooped and sagged. She returned to her chair with a little laugh.

"I am a foolish old woman," she said in a low voice, "but you wondered why we fought. Well, some of us fought because we had given this country everything."

There was silence in the room, until Grandmaa suddenly started up.

"Goodness, it's dark in here," she said. "I'll go bring a candle."



April swirled through the land, blossomy and fragrant. Never, it seemed to Grandmaa, had the sunlight been so soft and gracious, never had life surged so riotously in trees and grass and flowers. The ashes of the burned barns and stables were swiftly covered with green grass, singing birds swarmed everywhere, the jonquils and iris and early roses were more brilliant than she could remember, and the dogwood filled the woods with snowdrifts larger and more dazzlingly white than those of any year before. All nature, joyously greeting the returning sun, seemed to mock the silent land. For the cannon had ceased to roar. Lee had surrendered, and a great hush seemed to fall upon the earth.

People went about their business silently. The plowmen were few, and they did not sing returning home in the dusk. The Negro quarters were almost empty, the Negroes gathering around the camps of the army of occupation, believing in all sincerity that freedom meant free food and free clothing, freedom from labor as well as from slavery. A thin trickle of spent, exhausted men in filthy, ragged uniforms began to filter into the community, the small remnant of the great Army of Northern Virginia. The conquered country was too tired to rejoice at the coming of peace, or to mourn over defeat. It was dumb.

Grandmaa stood at the door at dusk one evening in the middle of the month. The afterglow was fading and darkness seemed to be rising from the earth like a mist, for the sky overhead was full of clear light, although twilight had fallen about her. Up the road from the direction of Shoe Heel came a solitary figure, a man, walking. By the weary droop of his shoulders and the weary shuffle of his feet in the dust Grandmaa thought he must be a returning soldier; so she went down to the gate to meet him, to invite him in to rest, to stay the night if he still had far to go. For a householder would have thought it shame to let one of these men pass his house without

offering all that he had; they were received with a passionate tenderness as they straggled back to their ruined land.

So Grandmaa went down to the gate and waited while this fellow plodded toward her. Little airs were stealing through the dusk, too faint to be called a breeze; but somewhere they had passed a locust tree in bloom, and somewhere they had brushed a jasmine, and somewhere they had touched a clump of hyacinths; and they strewn hints of these perfumes everywhere. The night was vibrant with the promise of Spring, the promise of new and more abundant life. Through the back of Grandmaa's mind floated the words of the old hymn,

"O sing a new song to the Lord —
Sing all the earth to God."

Only the man struck a discordant note in the harmony of earth and air and sky. Through the scented dusk he plodded toward her, painfully dragging one foot after the other. In the jubilant, confident night, here was a beaten thing; in the vibrant night, throbbing with life, here came one with the aura of death around him.

Through the scented dusk he crept, and tears, started to her eyes at the thought that in his nostrils must still be the smell of sweat and blood, the reek of powder fumes and the stench of the battlefield. She went out of the gate and met him in the road.

When she was close to him he looked up and she saw his face; in the half-light it seemed to come into focus slowly. First she noticed how thin it was, no more, indeed, than skin drawn tightly over a skull. And then she saw that the man had been young not long ago; in spite of the stubble of beard on cheeks and chin, he must have been only a stripling when he entered the army. And then she thought his face was somehow familiar. And then — O God, be merciful, O God support her tottering reason now! — she thought it was Robbie. And the pale stars just beginning to show overhead shot madly out of their courses and streaked in fire across the sky, and the great hickory tree beyond the road leaped and danced, and the solid earth heaved like a storm-tossed sea, parted under her feet and plunged her into darkness.

At eighty-three Grandmaa Whyte had fainted away for the first time in her life.



Grandmaa lived for two years after the Surrender. She lived to see Robbie, who was really not much damaged by the fragment of shell that had rapped him on the head and made them leave him on the field for dead, take his bride to the altar, and she lived to have his first-born laid in her arms. Robbie told her that his name should be Donald Whyte. She was very feeble, but she had strength enough to gather the baby to her breast and croon over him. They couldn't catch what she was singing, and no wonder, for the words were

*"Canaibh do'n Tighearn oran nuadh,
gach aon tir, canaibh dha,"*

and since the war, no one in Spring Hill township had paid much attention to Gaelic. They had too much to do, trying to wring a livelihood from the soil with nothing beyond their bare hands for tools.

But somehow they did it. They held the land, and they hold it to this day. And to this day they have the DeVinnes and the DuBoises in light esteem. The Dev'nys and the D'Boyces are fine people--nobody denies them that--but they aren't Scotch.

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